

EVANGELISTIC EDITION

of
Heavenly
Sunlight

EDITORS

J. Howard Entwisle
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Adam Geibel
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EVANGELISTIC EDITION

OF

Heavenly Sunlight

CONTAINING

Gems of Song for Evangelistic Services,
Prayer and Praise Meetings and
Devotional Gatherings.

Editors:

✓ J. HOWARD ENTWISLE, POWELL G. FITHIAN,
ADAM GEIBEL and R. FRANK LEHMAN.

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....1903....

PREFACE.

The hearty reception accorded the publication of "Heavenly Sunlight" since its first appearance some six months ago has induced the authors to prepare an Evangelistic Edition, with a view to a wider and more extended field of usefulness.

When "Heavenly Sunlight" was first published we had no idea but that it should be a book for the Sunday School and Young People's Society exclusively; but almost as soon as the first copies were placed on the market, requests began to pour in to the publishers to issue a similar book designed especially for special Evangelistic Meetings, Prayer and Praise Services and essentially Devotional Gatherings. It is in response to this demand that this Evangelistic Edition now appears.

Over fifty of the selections appearing in the first or "Sunday School Edition" of "Heavenly Sunlight," designed especially for Sunday School use, have been eliminated and in their stead we have inserted tried and proved hymns—bearing especially upon the subject of personal salvation and faith—the singing of which, we earnestly trust, will aid in bringing many to the feet of our loving Saviour.

We take this occasion to again express our gratitude to the many thousands who have shown their appreciation of our humble efforts in editing "Heavenly Sunlight" by selecting and using it in their schools and societies.

We venture to trust that this new book will find as hearty a welcome by all those for whom it has been compiled.

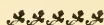
THE EDITORS.

NOVEMBER 1, 1900.

Evangelistic Edition

OF

HEAVENLY SUNLIGHT.



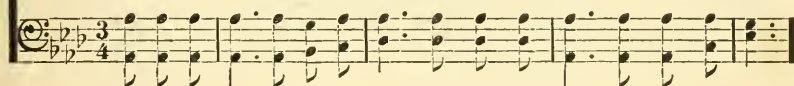
No. 1. HIGHER GROUND.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

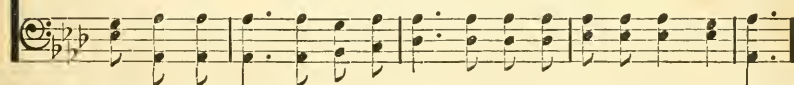
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



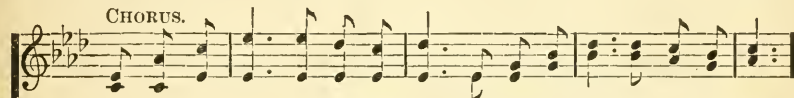
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



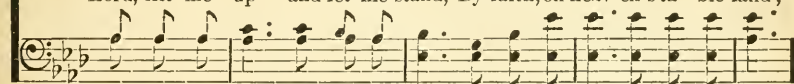
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground,
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



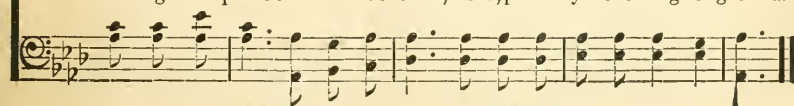
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;



A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.



No. 2.

SWEETER THAN ALL.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
 2. I will fol-low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
 3. Tho' a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small;
 4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voic-es will call, voic-es will call;

While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
 Finding Him, from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
 Yet His blessings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
 But my Saviour's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is now and ev-er will be Sweet-er than all the world to me,

Since I heard His lov-ing call,—Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

No. 3. MAKE ME, LORD, A FOUNT OF LOVE.

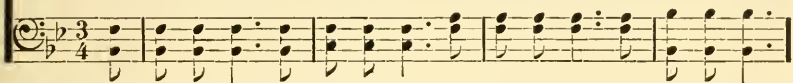
"The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."—John 4: 14.

REV. W. B. WILLIAMS.

R. FRANK LEHMAN.



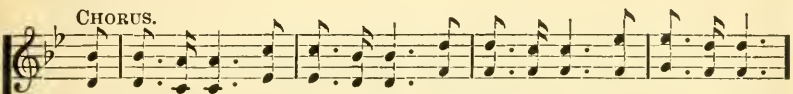
1. O make me, Lord, a fount of love, A con-stant flow of loving deeds;
2. O make me, Lord, a fount of good, Dis-pens-ing blessings all a-round;
3. O make me, Lord, a fount of joy, A run-ning stream of hap-pi-ness;



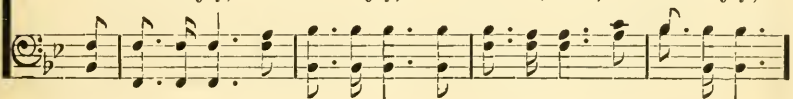
A friend to all my neighbors prove, A help-er to each one that needs.
Be help-ful to the weak I would, And to the blind a guide be found.
My pow'rs to cheer I would employ By help-ing those in deep dis-tress.



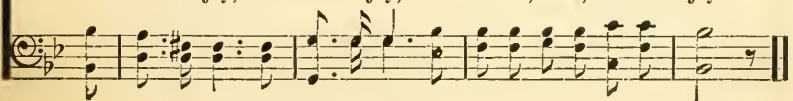
CHORUS.



A fount of love, a fount of love, O make me, Lord, a fount of love;
A fount of good, a fount of good, O make me, Lord, a fount of good;
A fount of joy, a fount of joy, O make me, Lord, a fount of joy;



A fount of love, a fount of love, O make me, Lord, a fount of love.
A fount of good, a fount of good, O make me, Lord, a fount of good.
A fount of joy, a fount of joy, O make me, Lord, a fount of joy.

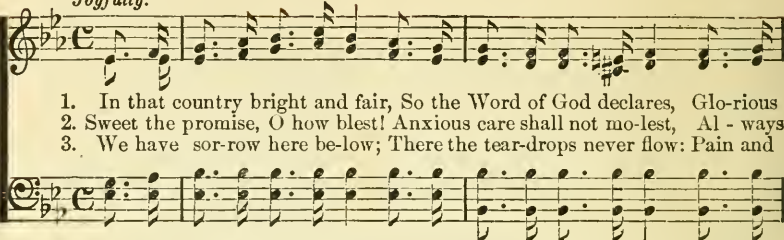


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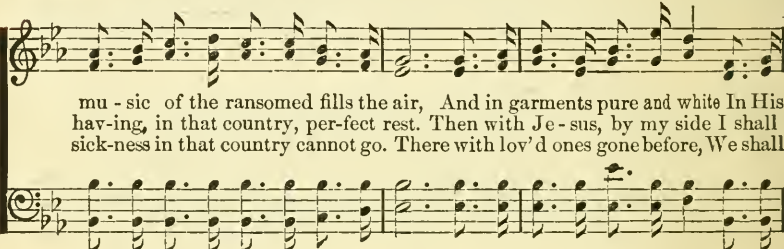
I'LL BE THERE.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

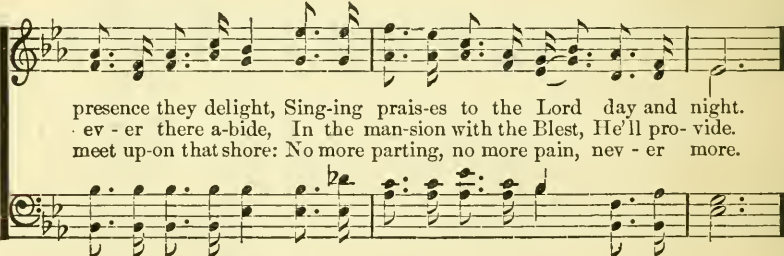
POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Joyfully.


1. In that country bright and fair, So the Word of God declares, Glo-rious
 2. Sweet the promise, O how blest! Anxious care shall not mo-lest, Al - ways
 3. We have sor-row here be-low; There the tear-drops never flow: Pain and

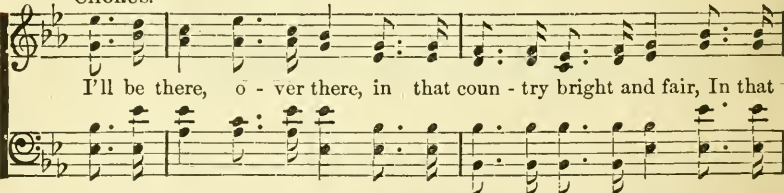


mu - sic of the ransomed fills the air, And in garments pure and white In His
 hay-ing, in that country, per-fect rest. Then with Je - sus, by my side I shall
 sick-ness in that country cannot go. There with lov'd ones gone before, We shall

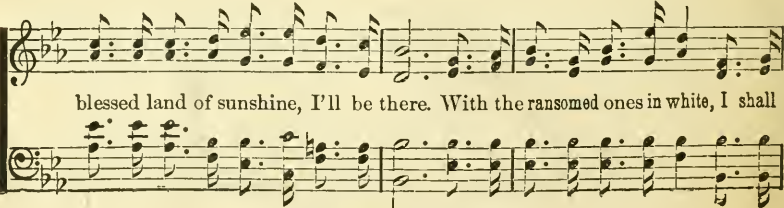


presence they delight, Sing-ing prais-es to the Lord day and night.
 ev - er there a-bide, In the man-sion with the Blest, He'll pro- vide.
 meet up-on that shore: No more parting, no more pain, nev - er more.

CHORUS.



I'll be there, o - ver there, in that coun - try bright and fair, In that



blessed land of sunshine, I'll be there. With the ransomed ones in white, I shall

I'LL BE THERE.—Concluded.

min-gle with delight; In His praise we'll all u - nite, o - ver there.....
over there.

No. 5. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Jesus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al
2. When forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil and woe; Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain; When my dust returneth

I de-part from Thee. When Thou see'st me waver, With a look re -
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re-mem-brance Sad Geth-sem-a -
On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mortal

call; Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
ne, Or, in dark-er sem - blance, Cross-crown'd Calva-ry.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

No. 6.

SUMMER IN THE HEART.

"My lips shall praise thee."—Ps. 63 : 3.

D. B. PURINTON.

W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus lives with-in, 'Tis sum - mer in the heart; 'Tis
 2. Sweet flow - ers of the soul To life and beau - ty start; With
 3. When from the scenes of earth My spir - it fain must part, With

sum - mer, summer, sum - mer in the heart. Life's des - ert wastes re-joice,
 sum - mer, summer, sum - mer in the heart. Rich fruits of peace and love
 sum - mer, summer, sum - mer in the heart. Blest vis - ions from a - bove

Its win - ter glooms depart, 'Tis summer, sum - mer, sum - mer in the heart.
 A ho - ly joy impart, With summer, sum - mer, sum - mer in the heart.
 Their heav'ly light impart, With summer, sum - mer, sum - mer in the heart.

CHORUS.

'Tis sum - mer in the heart, sum - mer in the heart;

When the Saviour en - ters all my woes de - part; 'Tis summer in the heart,

SUMMER IN THE HEART.—Concluded.

summer in the heart ; When the Saviour enters, 'tis summer in the heart.

No. 7. CHOSEN OF GOD AND PRECIOUS.

R. F. L.

R. FRANK LEHMAN.

1. Cho - sen of God and preecious Je - sus! Je - sus! Come to us now, re -
 2. Oft - en the way grows dreary Je - sus! Je - sus! But Thou canst cheer the
 3. No oth er hope in sor - row Je - sus! Je - sus! Bring us a glad to -

CHORUS.

fresh us,	Je - sus,	Lord.	} Oh! how we need re - fresh - ing,
wea - ry,	Je - sus,	Lord.	
mor - row,	Je - sus,	Lord.	

Oh! how we need Thy blessing, Come Jesus, preecious Saviour, Come, come, come.

No. 8.

THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

B. B.

COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me,
 3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsema - ne.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great - er than His grace, The storm can-not

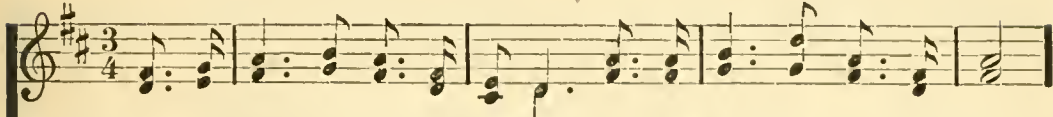
hide His bless-ed face; I am sat - is - fied to know That with

Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke 12: 6.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. There's a word of ten - der beauty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all His children, So un - wor - thy of His love,
3. O the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,



How it stirs my heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing grat - i - tude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me there's kind re - mem - brance In the Fa - ther - heart a - bove;
Is there an - y ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?



For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy - al might,
He will ev - er save and keep me; He will guide me on the way,
Let me, like the lit - tle spar - row, Trust Him where I can - not see,

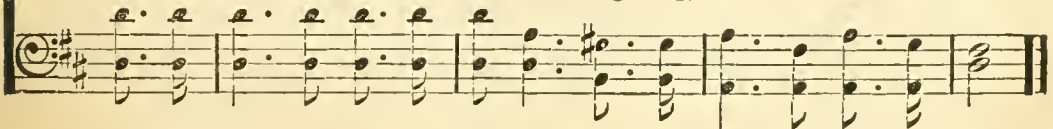


CHO.—In my Fa - ther's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe, and free;



Chorus D. S.

Bends to note a fall - ing sparrow, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.
For my Sav - iour gen - tly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sun - shine and the shad - ow, Sing - ing, He will care for me.



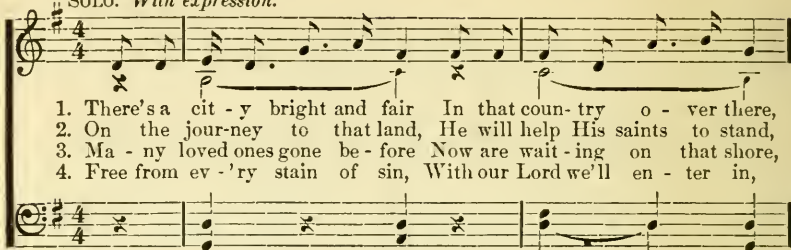
While His eye is on the spar - row I will not for - got - ten be.

No. 10. GOD HAS OPENED ALL THE GATES BETWEEN.

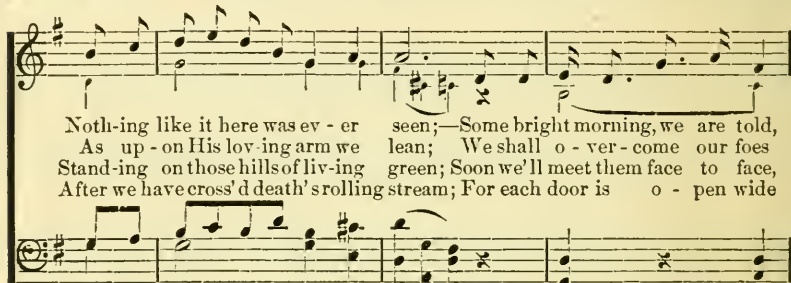
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.


SOLO. *With expression.*



1. There's a cit - y bright and fair In that coun - try o - ver there,
 2. On the jour - ney to that land, He will help His saints to stand,
 3. Ma - ny loved ones gone be - fore Now are wait - ing on that shore,
 4. Free from ev - 'ry stain of sin, With our Lord we'll en - ter in,

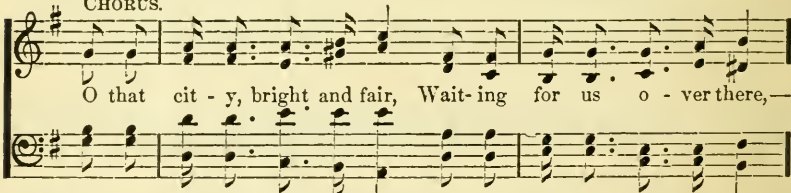


Not - hing like it here was ev - er seen;—Some bright morning, we are told,
 As up - on His lov - ing arm we lean; We shall o - ver - come our foes
 Stand - ing on those hills of liv - ing green; Soon we'll meet them face to face,
 After we have cross'd death's roll - ing stream; For each door is o - pen wide

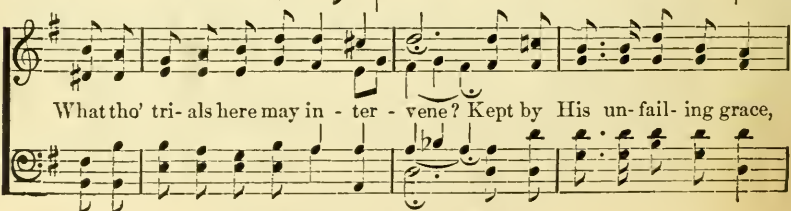


We shall reach those streets of gold,—God has o - pened all the gates be - tween.
 And the dan - gers that op - pose,—God has o - pened all the gates be - tween.
 For we're sure to reach that place,—God has o - pened all the gates be - tween.
 Since the bless - ed Sav - iour died,—God has o - pened all the gates be - tween.

CHORUS.



O that cit - y, bright and fair, Wait - ing for us o - ver there,—



What tho' tri - als here may in - ter - vene? Kept by His un - fail - ing grace,

GOD HAS OPENED ALL THE GATES, etc.—Concluded.

We shall sure-ly reach that place,—God has opened all the gates be-tween.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom part is written on a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of several measures of chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

No. 11.

SALVATION.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN RANDALL.

1. Sal-va-tion! O the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears!
2. Sal-va-tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round,
3. Sal-va-tion! O Thou bleed - ing Lamb! To Thee the praise be - longs;

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom part is written on a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of several measures of chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

A sov-'reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor-dial for our
While all the ar - mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the
Sal - va-tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom part is written on a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of several measures of chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

fears, A cor - dial for our fears, A cor - dial for our fears.
sound, Con-spire to raise the sound, Con-spire to raise the sound.
tongues, And dwell up - on our tongues, And dwell up - on our tongues.


This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom part is written on a bass clef staff with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of several measures of chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

No. 12.

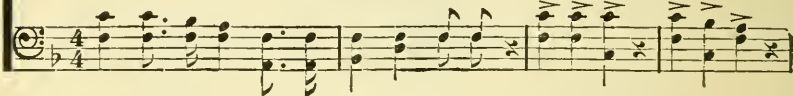
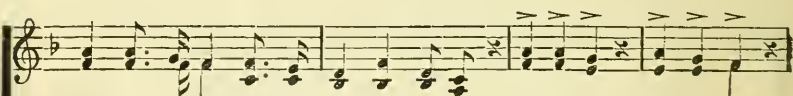
NO, NOT ONE!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

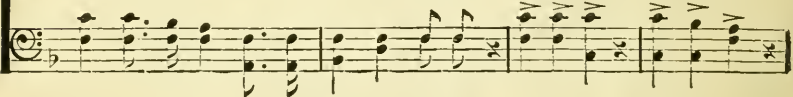
GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with great feeling.


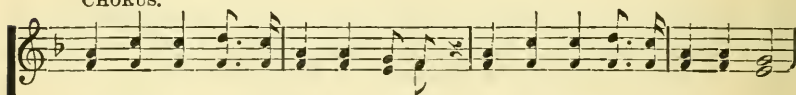
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Did ev - er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

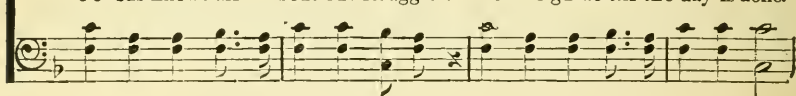
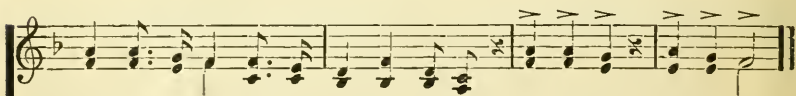
None else could heal all our soul's dis-eases, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin-ner find that He would not take Him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!



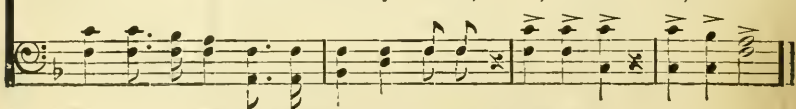
CHORUS.



Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles: He will guide till the day is done.

There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

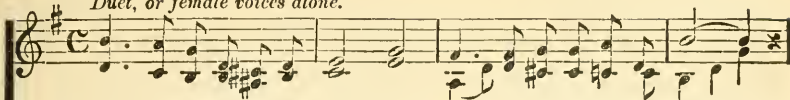


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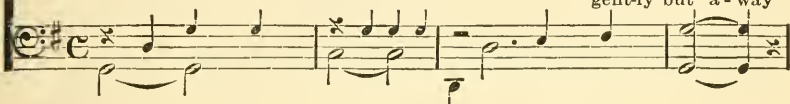
ARE YOU DRIFTING?

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

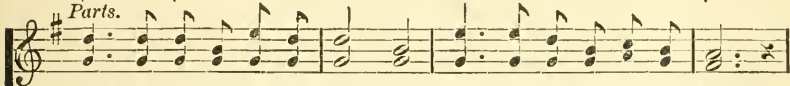
POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Duet, or female voices alone.

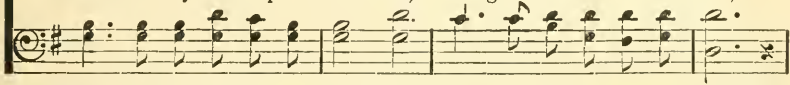
1. Are you drifting with the cur - rent As it gent-ly flows a - long?
gent-ly flows a-long?
2. Are you drifting with the cur - rent Set-ting from the gold-en strand?
golden, golden strand?
3. Are you drifting with the cur - rent Flow - ing gent-ly but a - way
gent-ly but a - way



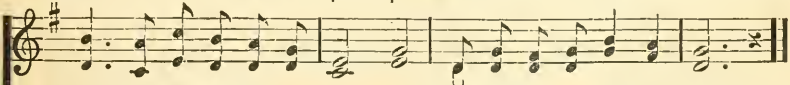
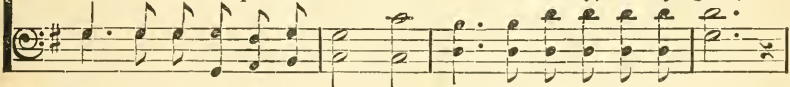
Or re-sist-ing all al-lure-ments To a line of con-duct wrong?
Or ex-ert-ing ev'-ry pow-er E-vil forc-es to with-stand?
From the har-bor of sal-va-tion To the break-ers of dis-may?

*Parts.*

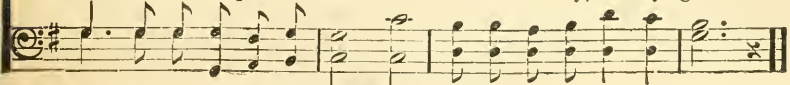
Spread your sails to catch the breez-es, Setting t'ward the Beau-lah land,
Seek and catch the precious breathings Of the Spir-it of the Lord,
Lift a cry for help to Je - sus, Stronger than the swift-est tide;



And di-rect your bark ac-cord-ing To the Mas-ter's right command,
And for pil-ot take the Mas-ter Of the storm-y seas a-board,
And in-to the peace-ful har-bor You will sure-ly, safe-ly glide,

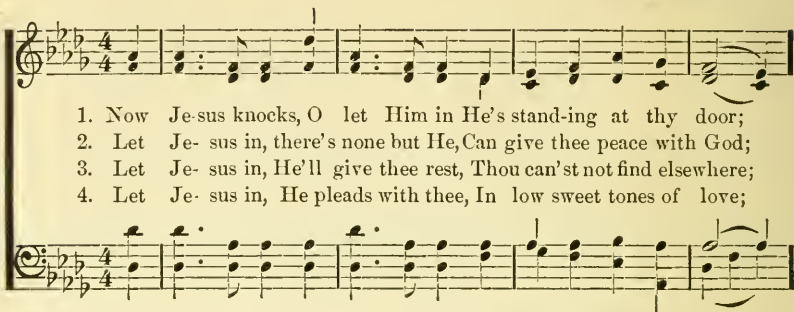


And di-rect your bark ac-cord-ing To the Mas-ter's right command.
And for pi-lot take the Mas-ter Of the storm-y seas a-board.
And in-to the peace-ful har-bor You will sure-ly, safe-ly glide.

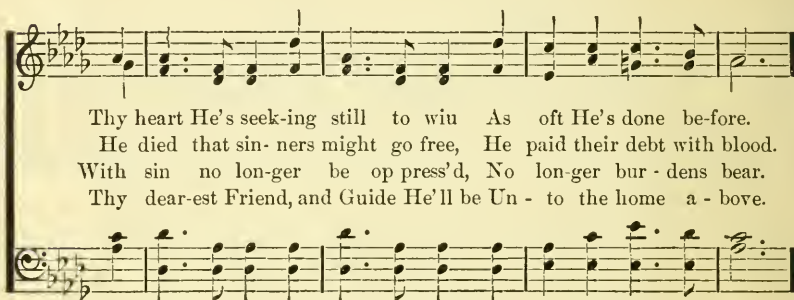


W. J. KENNEDY.

ADAM GEIBEL.



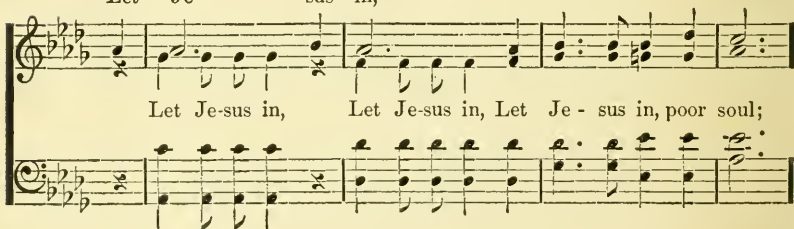
1. Now Je-sus knocks, O let Him in He's stand-ing at thy door;
 2. Let Je- sus in, there's none but He, Can give thee peace with God;
 3. Let Je- sus in, He'll give thee rest, Thou can'st not find elsewhere;
 4. Let Je- sus in, He pleads with thee, In low sweet tones of love;



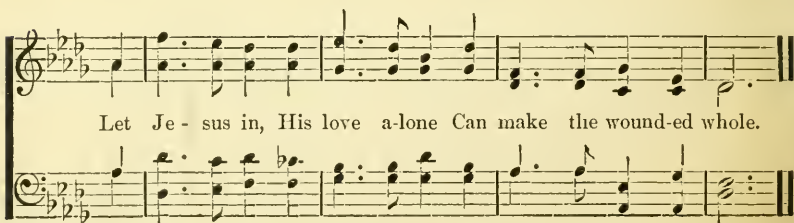
Thy heart He's seek-ing still to win As oft He's done be-fore.
 He died that sin-ners might go free, He paid their debt with blood.
 With sin no lon-ger be op press'd, No lon-ger bur-dens bear.
 Thy dear-est Friend, and Guide He'll be Un-to the home a-bove.

CHORUS.

Let Je - - sus in,



Let Je-sus in, Let Je-sus in, Let Je - sus in, poor soul;



Let Je - sus in, His love a-lone Can make the wound-ed whole.

E. S. L.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. The mes-sage blest, a - gain re - peat, Its prom - ise sure, its
 2. My bur - den sore has rolled a - way, From Christ no more my
 3. When doubts and fears my faith per-plex, When sin al - lures, and
 4. What-e'er my lot, if good or ill, If strong in soul, or

com - fort sweet; His grace a - bound - ing, love com - plete, —
 heart would stray; But help I need from day to day, —
 tri - als vex, When all my strength temp - ta - tion wrecks, —
 weak in will, In life or death, my plead - ing still, —

CHORUS.

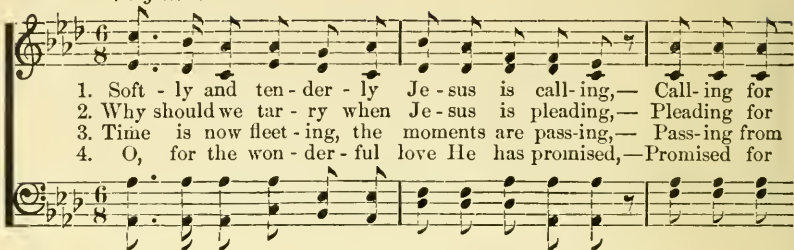
Tell me more a - bout Je - sus! Tell me more a - bout

Je - sus! Tell me more a - bout Je - sus! He is my

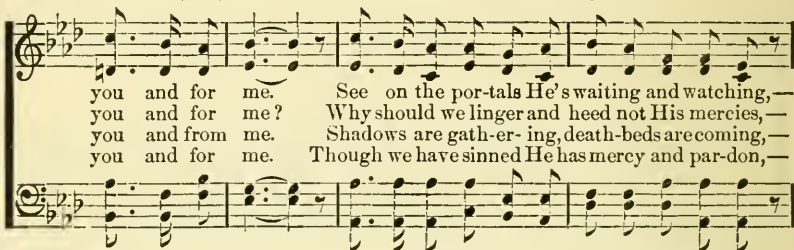
song, my Help - er strong; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus!

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

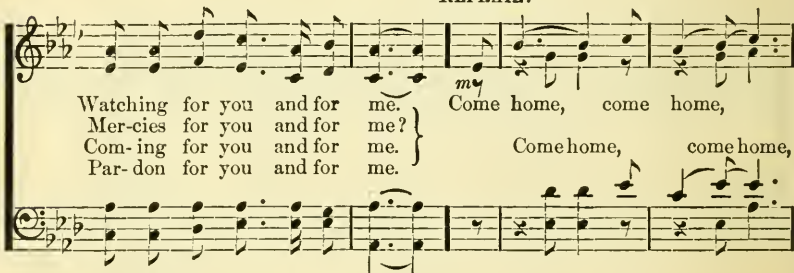
Very slow.


1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, — Pleading for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, — Pass - ing from
 4. O, for the won - der - ful love He has promised, — Promised for



you and for me. See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing, —
 you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, —
 you and from me. Shadows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing, —
 you and for me. Though we have sinned He has mercy and par - don, —

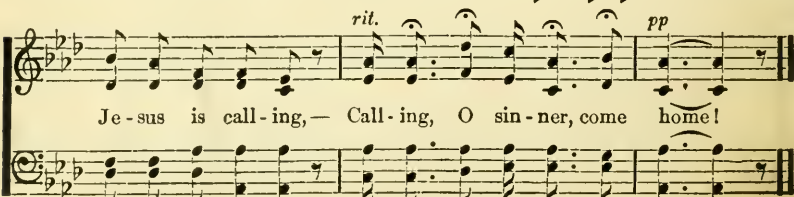
REFRAIN.



Watching for you and for me. } Come home, come home,
 Mer - cies for you and for me? }
 Com - ing for you and for me. } Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me. }



cres. Ye who are wea - ry, come home; *rit.* Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly, *p*
pp



rit. Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home! *pp*

No. 17.

GUARD ME, GUIDE ME.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Sav-iour, pi - lot me o'er life's stormy sea, Thou art Mas - ter of the
 2. Dark the shadows lie, hark the winds are high, Yet the tem - pest must o -
 3. We shall an - chor cast, when safe home at last, In the bless - ed port with -

o - cean wild. With Thy mighty hand Thou dost worlds command; Je - sus,
 bey Thy will. Tho' the bil - lows roll, still Thou dost con - trol, Say Thou
 in the vail. No more storms of night; nev - er fad - ing light; No more

CHORUS.

guard and guide Thy trusting child. } Guard me, guide me,
 to the waters, "Peace, be still." }
 per - ils for my bark so frail. } Guard me, dear Saviour, guide me for ev - er

Safe - ly o'er all life's storm - y main; Guard me,
 Guard me, dear Sav - iour,

Guide me, Till in glo - ry with my Lord I reign.
 Guide me for - ev - er,

HATTIE E. BUELL.

J. M. BLACK, by per.

1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the
 2. In this won - der - ful sal - va - tion, and His re - deem - ing grace, I have
 3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ter - nal when life on earth is done Fills my

morning of that bright and happy day, When I found my blessed Saviour whose
 peace and joy, and nothing can dis - may ; In the comfort of His presence, the
 soul with strength and courage in the fray ; So I'll shout a glad ho - san - na! for

pardon made me free, Now, there's bright and bless - ed sun - light all the way.
 shin - ing of His face There is bright and bless - ed sun - light all the way.
 ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won And the bright and bless - ed sun - light all the way.

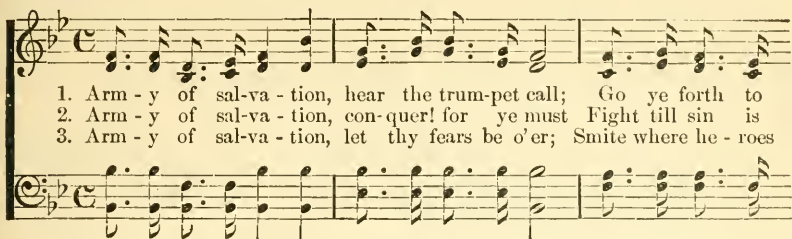
CHORUS.

{ There is sunlight, sunlight, beaming bright and clear In the sweetness of His
 { There is sunlight, sunlight, with my Saviour near, There is (Omit.).....
 sunlight, sunlight,

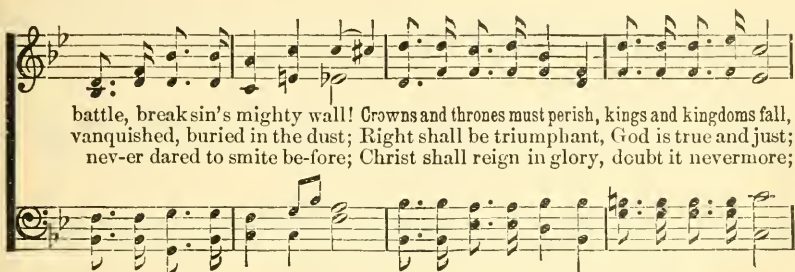
serv - ice day by day, bright and bless - ed sun - light all the way.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

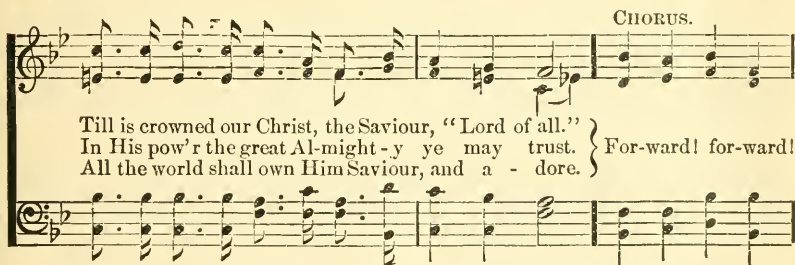
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Arm - y of sal - va - tion, hear the trum - pet call; Go ye forth to
 2. Arm - y of sal - va - tion, con - quer! for ye must Fight till sin is
 3. Arm - y of sal - va - tion, let thy fears be o'er; Smite where he - roes

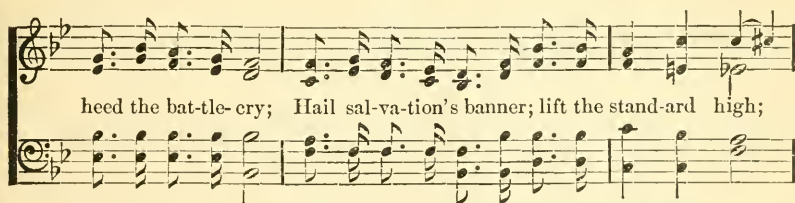


battle, break sin's mighty wall! Crowns and thrones must perish, kings and kingdoms fall,
 vanquished, buried in the dust; Right shall be triumphant, God is true and just;
 nev - er dared to smite be - fore; Christ shall reign in glory, doubt it nevermore;

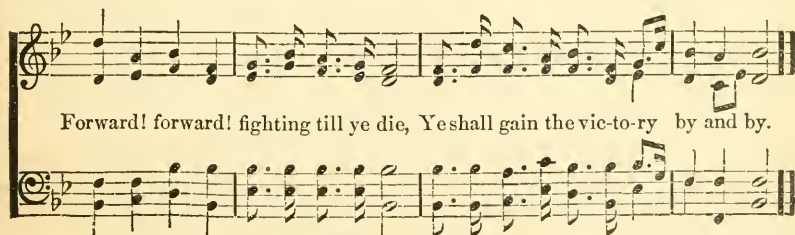


CHORUS.

Till is crowned our Christ, the Saviour, "Lord of all." }
 In His pow'r the great Al-might - y ye may trust. } For-ward! for-ward!
 All the world shall own Him Saviour, and a - dore. }



heed the bat - tle - cry; Hail sal - va - tion's banner; lift the stand - ard high;



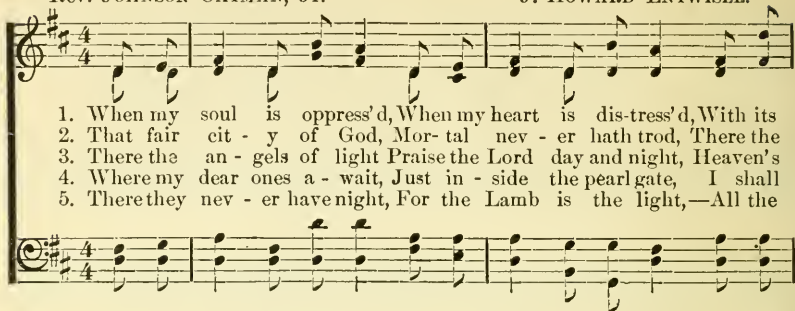
Forward! forward! fighting till ye die, Ye shall gain the vic - to - ry by and by.

No. 20. THE BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

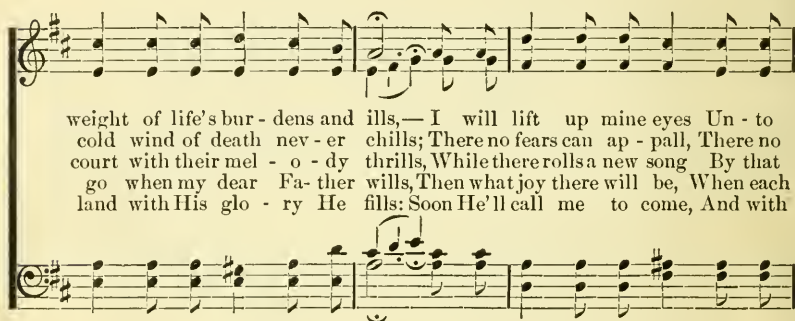
"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Ps. 121 : 1.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. When my soul is oppress'd, When my heart is dis-tress'd, With its
2. That fair cit - y of God, Mor-tal nev - er hath trod, There the
3. There the an - gels of light Praise the Lord day and night, Heaven's
4. Where my dear ones a - wait, Just in - side the pearl-gate, I shall
5. There they nev - er havenight, For the Lamb is the light,—All the

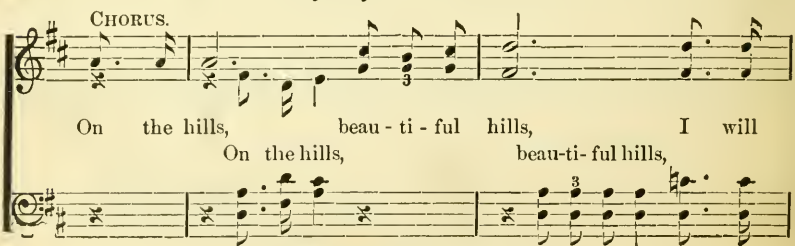


weight of life's bur - dens and ills,—I will lift up mine eyes Un - to
cold wind of death nev - er chills; There no fears can ap - pall, There no
court with their mel - o - dy thrills, While there rolls a new song By that
go when my dear Fa - ther wills, Then what joy there will be, When each
land with His glo - ry He fills: Soon He'll call me to come, And with



that par - a - dise On the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hills.
tears ev - er fall On the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hills.
great blood-wash'd throng, On the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hills.
oth - er we see On the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hills.
Him rest at home On the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hills.

CHORUS.



On the hills, beau - ti - ful hills, I will
On the hills, beau - ti - ful hills,

THE BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL HILLS.—Concluded.

lift up mine eyes to the hills; I shall join in the song
beautiful hills;

With that glo - ri - fied throng, On the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful hills.

No. 21.

THAT MEANS ME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. I read that who - so - ev - er May from wrath flee; God
2. His blood is ef - fi - ca - cious, His love is free; To
3. Christ died for ev - 'ry na - tion, On Cal - v'ry's tree; He
4. I read the prom - ise giv - en, That o'er death's sea, We'll

CHORUS.

will re - ject me nev - er, For that means me.
sin - ners He is gra - cious, And that means me. } For that means me, Yes,
died for our sal - va - tion, And that means me.
live with Him in heav - en, And that means me.

that means me; When I read "who - so - ev - er," Then that means me.

No. 22.


ON TO VICTORY.

J. H. E.


J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

March time.



1. Hark! hark, the trum-pet sound - ing, Rise at the break of day,
 2. March - ing like val - iant sol - diers, Stead - y our steps and true,
 3. Then shall the path be bright - er, No more by care op-press'd,



On to the front where sin is a-bounding, Forward, the call o - bey;
 Faith in our Lead-er, no thought of danger, Fear and a-larm, a - dieu;
 Firm in our purpose, true in our mo-tives, Hop-ing for what is best;




Put on the gos-pel arm - or, Go forth in faith to con - quer,
 On, tho' the world op-press thee, On, tho' the foe dis - tress thee,
 Trusting the King of glo - ry, Tell-ing the old, old sto - ry,



Hear, hear the Captain's words inspiring, On, soldiers, on to the fray.
 Steadfast and firm, keep moving on till Fair Canaan's land stands in view.
 Wait-ing the Master's call to en - ter In-to the ha-ven of rest.

CHORUS.



Forward, then, with banners waving high; Forward, as we shout the battle-cry;

ON TO VICTORY.—Concluded.

On - ward in the con - flict, hop - ing, trust - ing, On to vic - to - ry!

No. 23.

ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

EVENTIDE. 10s.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

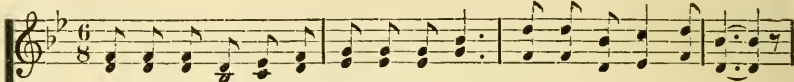
deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self, my
gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks and

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

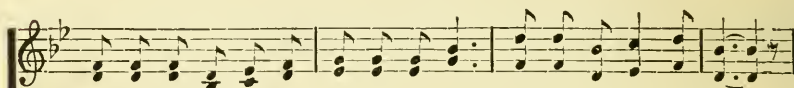
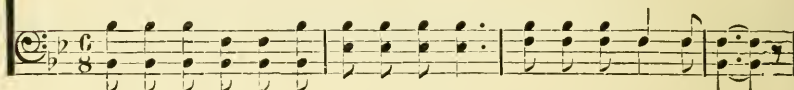
No. 24. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H.

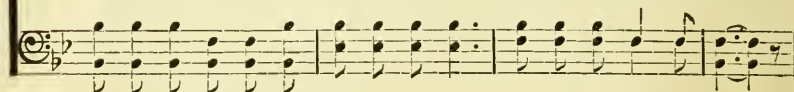
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



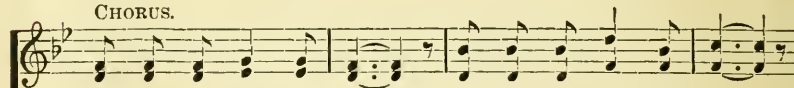
- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1. Have thy af- fec- tions been nailed to the cross? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| 2. Hast thou do- min- ion o'er self and o'er sin? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| 3. Is there no more condem- na- tion nor sin? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| 4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je- sus' con- trol? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| 5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? | Is thy heart right with God? |



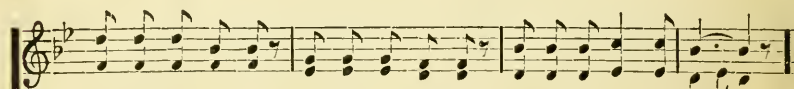
- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| Dost thou count all things for Je- sus but loss? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| O- ver all e- vil with- out and with- in? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| Does Je- sus rule in the tem- ple with- in? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| Does he each moment a- bide in thy soul? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| Is thy soul wearing the gar- ment of white? | Is thy heart right with God? |



CHORUS.

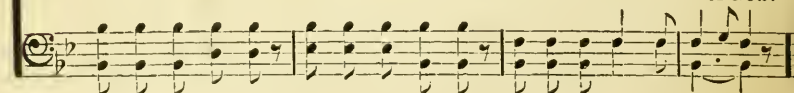


Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim- son flood,



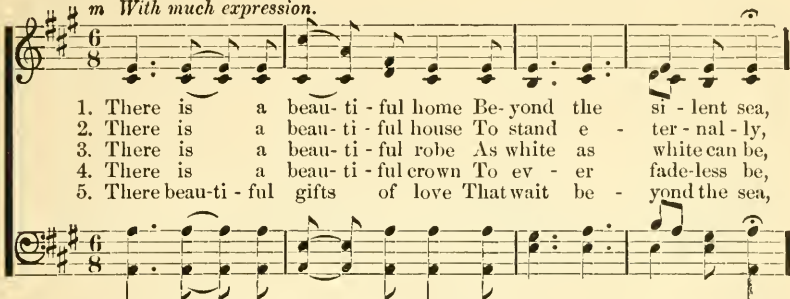
Cleansed and made holy, humble and low- ly, Right in the sight of God?

of God?

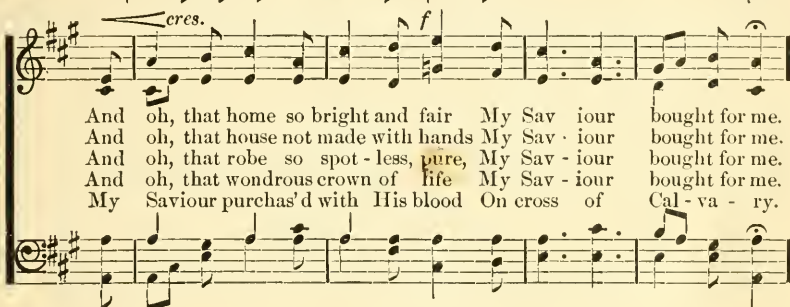


HARRIET E. JONES.


J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

m With much expression.


1. There is a beau-ti-ful home Be-yond the si-lent sea,
 2. There is a beau-ti-ful house To stand e-ter-nal-ly,
 3. There is a beau-ti-ful robe As white as white can be,
 4. There is a beau-ti-ful crown To ev-er fade-less be,
 5. There beau-ti-ful gifts of love That wait be-yond the sea,



And oh, that home so bright and fair My Sav-our bought for me.
 And oh, that house not made with hands My Sav-our bought for me.
 And oh, that robe so spot-less, pure, My Sav-our bought for me.
 And oh, that wondrous crown of life My Sav-our bought for me.
 My Saviour purchas'd with His blood On cross of Cal-va-ry.



CHORUS.
 O wand'rer, far from God, That home your own may be, If
 O wand'rer, far from God, A man-sion yours may be, If
 O wand'rer, far from God, White rai-ment yours may be, If
 O wand'rer, far from God, A crown your own may be, If
 O wand'rer, far from God, This wealth your own may be, If
 wand'rer far from God,



you will give your heart to Christ, And serve Him, serve Him faith-ful-ly.
 you will give your heart to Christ, And serve Him, serve Him faith-ful-ly.
 you will give your heart to Christ, And serve Him, serve Him faith-ful-ly.
 you will give your heart to Christ, And serve Him, serve Him faith-ful-ly.
 you will give your heart to Christ, And oh, 'tis free! and oh, 'tis free!

KATE ULMER.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

DUET. *Grazioso.*

1. Sweetest les - sons faith may gath - er, In the word..... of
 2. Pre-cious prom - is - es a - bun - dant, From its ho - ly
 3. Here we learn the won-drous sto - ry Of the man - ger
 4. Book all oth - er books sur-pass - ing, Staff sup-port - ing

truth re - vealed; Book dis-clos - ing God's high coun - sels, By His
 pa - ges shine; Bea-cons point - ing ev - er up - ward, To the
 and the cross; Of the love that went to Cal - v'ry, To re -
 a - ged feet; Childhood's years, bright youth and man - hood, Find in

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Spir-it sealed.
 source..... of help di - vine.
 deem..... our souls from loss.
 thee..... a guide com-plete. } Sa-cred treasure, may we prize it

More and more each passing day; Lamp to light us, bread to
 More, yes, more and more

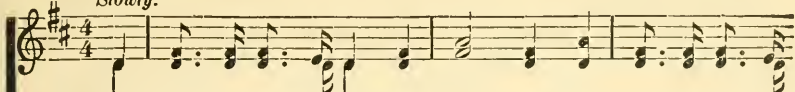
feed us, As we take..... our heav'nward way.
 our heav'nward

No. 27. WALKING IN THE WAY WITH JESUS.


LIDA M. KECK.

J. M. BLACK.

Slowly.




1. While walk - ing in the way with Je - sus, Se - cure from ev - 'ry
 2. While walk - ing in the way with Je - sus, I bid fare-well to
 3. While walk - ing in the way with Je - sus, I hear His "Come to
 4. While walk - ing in the way with Je - sus, I see my heav'nly

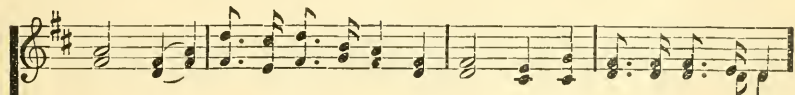


storm that blows, I'm kept in per - feet peace from all my foes, While
 all my fears, A bow of prom-ise glows a - bove my tears, While
 me and rest," And, look-ing un - to Him, my soul is blest, While
 home a - far; I see the pearl-y gates for me a - jar, While

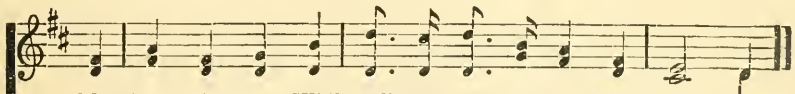
CHORUS.



walk-ing in the way with Je - sus. Walk-ing in the way with



Je - sus, Walking in the way with Je - sus; I'm kept in perfect peace,



My joys in-crease, While walk-ing in the way with Je - sus.

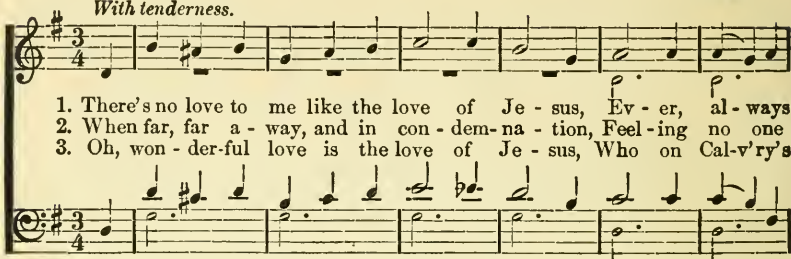
No. 28. THERE'S NO LOVE LIKE HIS LOVE TO ME.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

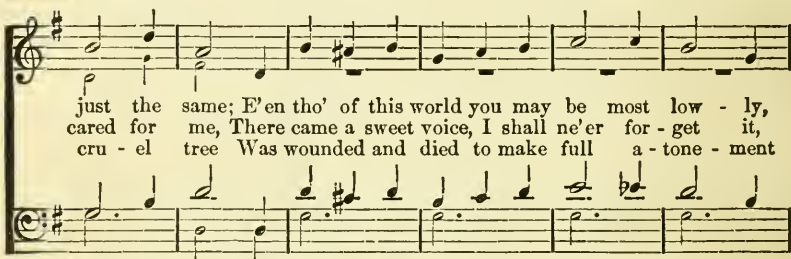
SOLO OR DUET.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

With tenderness.



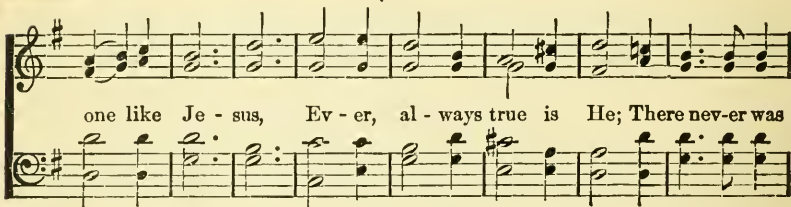
1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways
 2. When far, far a - way, and in con - dem - na - tion, Feel - ing no one
 3. Oh, won - der - ful love is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's



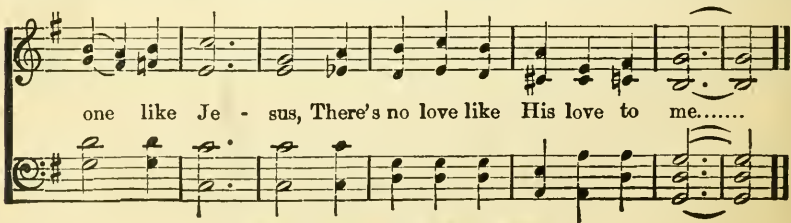
just the same; E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly,
 cared for me, There came a sweet voice, I shall ne'er for - get it,
 cru - el tree Was wounded and died to make full a - tone - ment



CHORUS.
 Je - sus still loves you, bless His name.
 "Je - sus, Thy Sav - iour, still loves thee."
 For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me. } There nev - er was



one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is He; There nev - er was



one like Je - sus, There's no love like His love to me.....

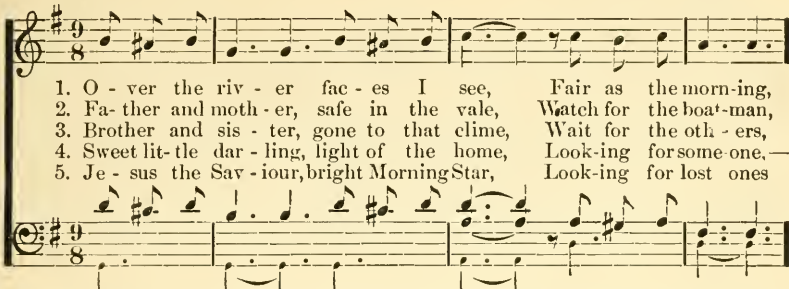
No. 29.

LOOKING THIS WAY.

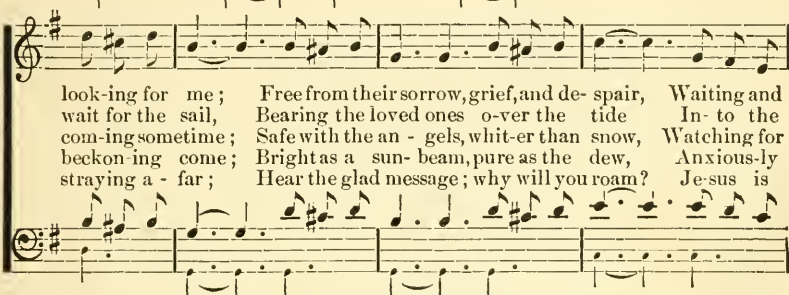
J. W. V.

DUET.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

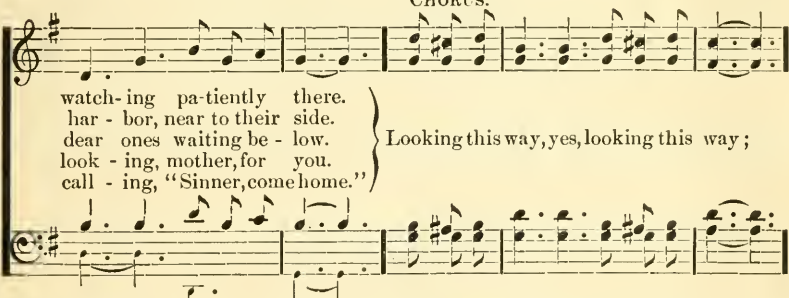


1. O - ver the riv - er fac - es I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
 2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man,
 3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
 4. Sweet lit - tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some one, —
 5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright Morning Star, Look - ing for lost ones



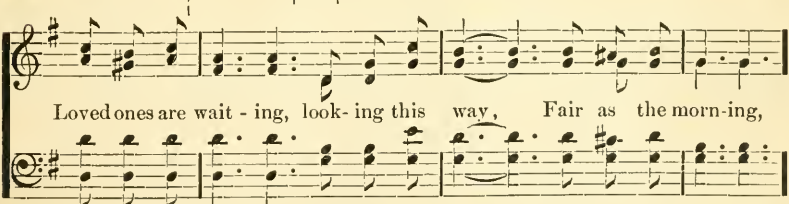
look - ing for me; Free from their sorrow, grief, and de - spair, Waiting and
 wait for the sail, Bearing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the
 com - ings sometime; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow, Watching for
 beckon - ing come; Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx - ious - ly
 straying a - far; Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je - sus is

CHORUS.

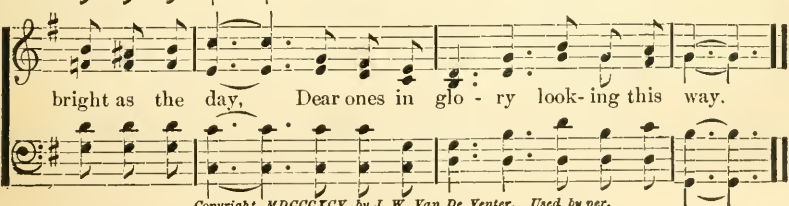


watch - ing pa - tiently there.
 har - bor, near to their side.
 dear ones wait - ing be - low.
 look - ing, mother, for you.
 call - ing, "Sinner, come home."

} Looking this way, yes, looking this way;



Loved ones are wait - ing, look - ing this way, Fair as the morn - ing,

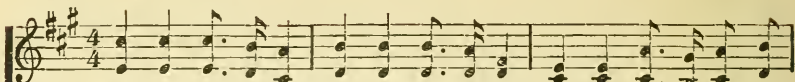


bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look - ing this way.

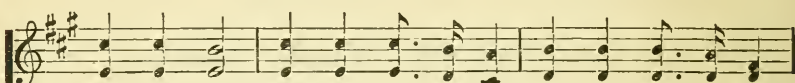
No. 30. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.




1. What a fel - lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

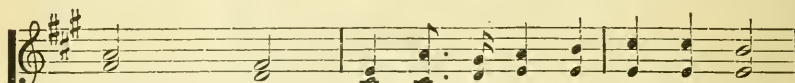


last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

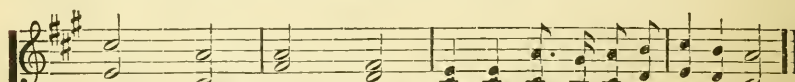
CHORUS.



Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean - ing,
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. }
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean-ing on Je - sus,



lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
 Lean - ing on Je - sus.



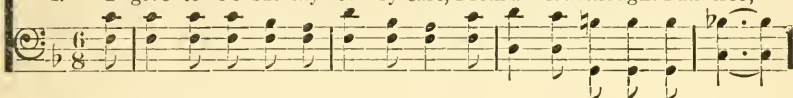
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

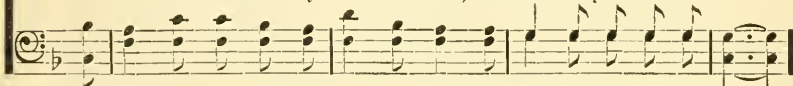
E. S. LORENZ.



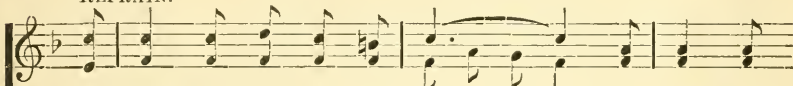
1. When I am pass-ing thro' waters chill, When painful tri-als I see,
2. In times of sor-row and sore dis-tress, He hears and answers my plea;
3. What-ev - er troubles my life be-fall, My "present help" He will be;
4. I give to Je-sus my ev-'ry care, From anxious thought I am free;



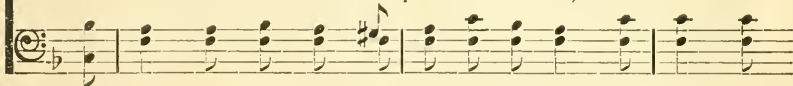
I know my Sav-iour up-holds me still, Because He prom-is - es me.
 My lov - ing Sav-iour is glad to bless, Because He prom-is - es me.
 His love will car - ry me safe thro' all, Because He prom-is - es me.
 Assured that He will my bur-dens bear, Because He prom-is - es me.



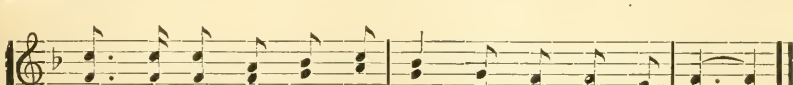
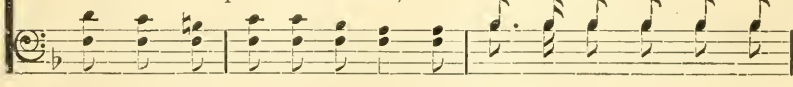
REFRAIN.



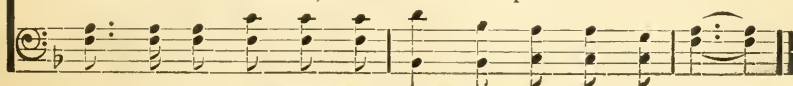
Be - cause He prom - is - es me..... Be - cause He
 prom - is - es me,



prom - is - es me;..... What - ev - er o'er-take me, He'll
 prom - is - es me;



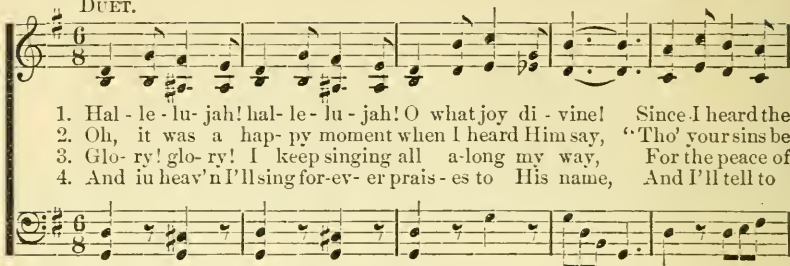
nev - er for - sake me, Be - cause He prom - is - es me.



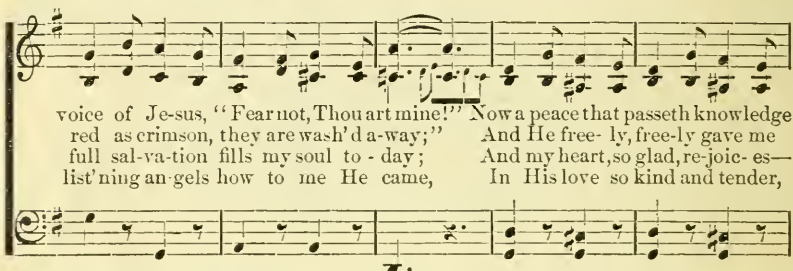
Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

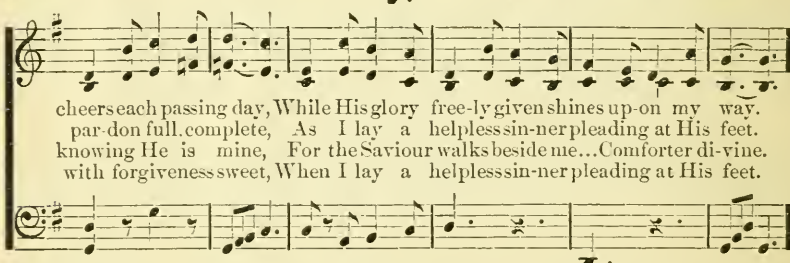
DUET.



1. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! O what joy di - vine! Since I heard the
 2. Oh, it was a hap - py moment when I heard Him say, "Tho' yoursins be
 3. Glo - ry! glo - ry! I keep singing all a - long my way, For the peace of
 4. And in heav'n I'll sing for - ev - er prais - es to His name, And I'll tell to

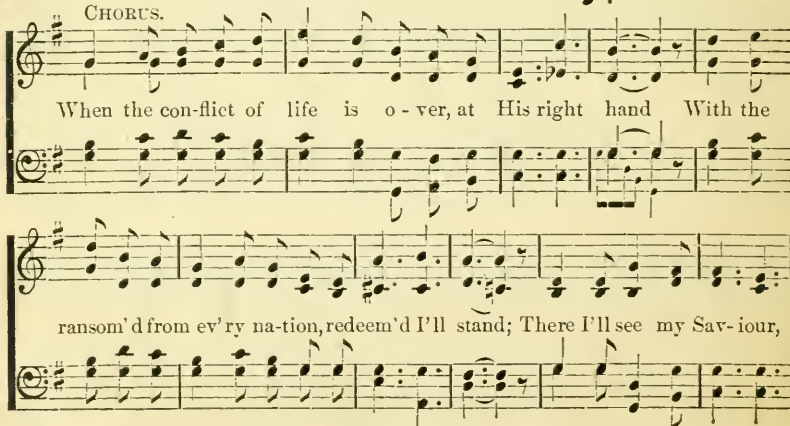


voice of Je - sus, "Fear not, Thou art mine!" Now a peace that passeth knowledge
 red as crimson, they are wash'd a - way;" And He free - ly, free - ly gave me
 full sal - va - tion fills my soul to - day; And my heart, so glad, re - joic - es—
 list'ning an - gels how to me He came, In His love so kind and tender,



cheers each passing day, While His glory free - ly given shines up - on my way.
 par - don full, complete, As I lay a helpless sin - ner pleading at His feet.
 knowing He is mine, For the Saviour walks beside me... Comforter di - vine.
 with forgiveness sweet, When I lay a helpless sin - ner pleading at His feet.

CHORUS.



When the con - flict of life is o - ver, at His right hand With the
 ransom'd from ev'ry na - tion, redeem'd I'll stand; There I'll see my Sav - iour,

A SINNER SAVED.—Concluded.

And I'll tell for-ev - er How He sav'd when I came pleading before His feet.

No. 33.

LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great feeling.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
 2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm coming home!
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home!
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home!

F. *FINE.*

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
 My strength renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.

D.S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

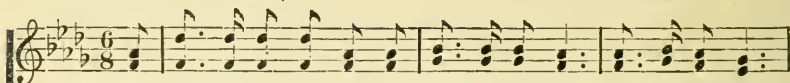
5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home,
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

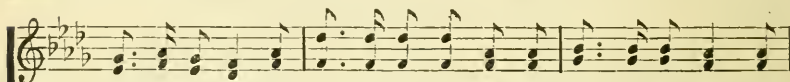
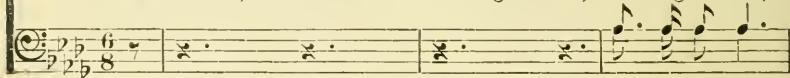
No. 34. THE CHILDREN ARE COMING TO THEE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

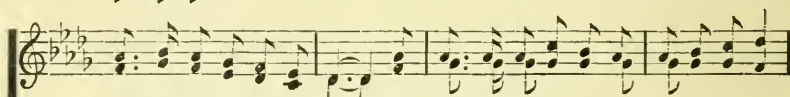
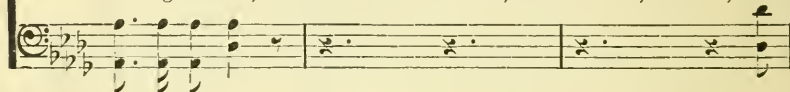
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



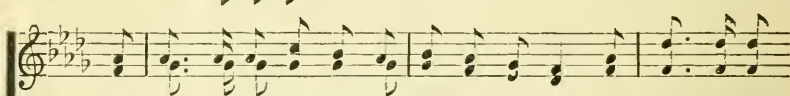
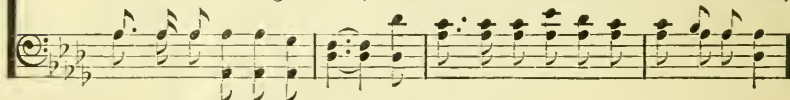
1. Dear Sav-iour, the children are com - ing to Thee, Com - ing to Thee,
2. Dear Sav-iour, the children are com - ing to Thee, Com - ing to Thee,
3. Dear Sav-iour, the children are com - ing to Thee, Com - ing to Thee,



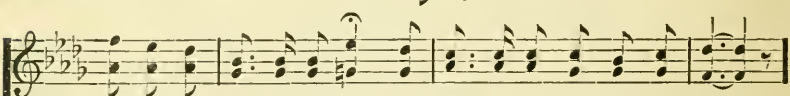
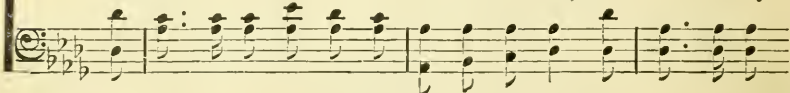
com-ing to Thee, From mountain and valley, from is - land and sea, The
com-ing to Thee, To lean on Thy breast and Thy beau - ty to see, The
com-ing to Thee, O look down from heaven, dear Saviour, and see, The



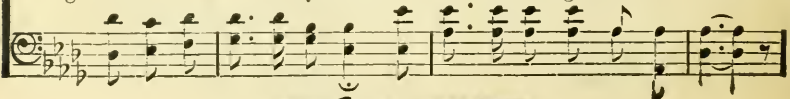
children are coming to Thee; For "Suf-fer the children to come un-to me,
children are coming to Thee; "An army with banners" now marching along,
children are coming to Thee; O take them and seal them forever Thine own,



For - bid - ding them not" in the Bi - ble we see: So now in life's
An ar - my for Je - sus, to fight a-against wrong, Still shout-ing and
And nev - er al - low them to wan - der a - lone, But ten - der - ly

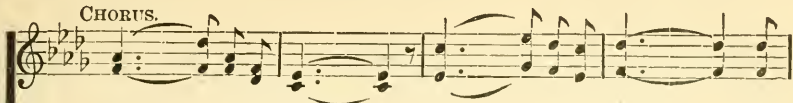


morning, so hap - py and free, The chil - dren are com-ing to Thee.
sing-ing a ju - bi-lant song, The chil - dren are com-ing to Thee.
guide them until 'round Thy throne, The chil - dren are gathered to Thee.

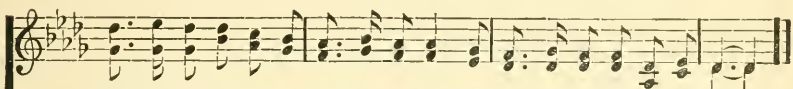
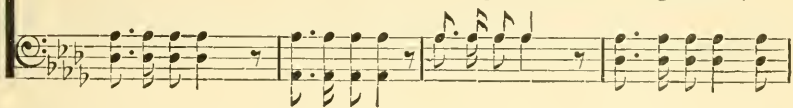


THE CHILDREN ARE COMING TO THEE.—Concluded.

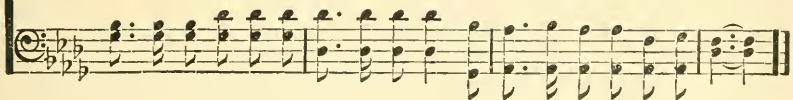
CHORUS.



Com - ing to Thee,..... com - ing to Thee;..... Like
Coming to Thee, coming to Thee, coming to Thee, coming to Thee,



doves to the window or birds to the tree, The children are coming to Thee.

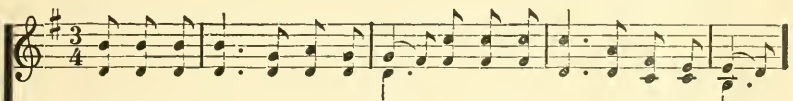


No. 35.

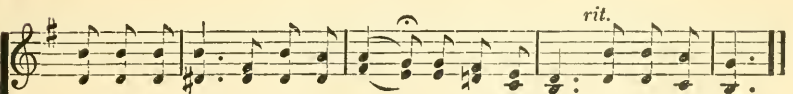
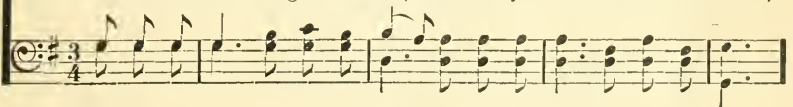
HE LEADETH ME.

A. C. W.

AGNES C. WOOLSTON.



1. He lead-eth me! O words di-vine, What comfort thrills this heart of mine;
2. He lead-eth me! my Shepherd, Guide, Secure-ly thro' the pas-tures wide;
3. He lead-eth me! in sor-rows He My Keep-er is, where'er I be;
4. He lead-eth me! His goodness tell, His mer-cy with His child doth dwell;



O bless-ed light in darkness shine, He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me!
A-bid-ing close - ly by my side, He lead-eth me! yea, lead-eth me!
In shad-y nook - or storm-y sea, He lead-eth me! yea, le - ven me!
Oh, let the theme His prais-es swell, He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me!



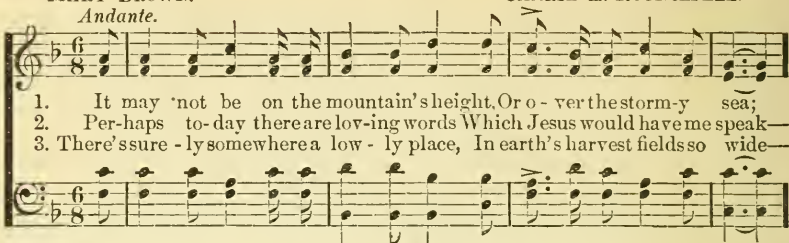
NO. 36. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

CONSECRATION.

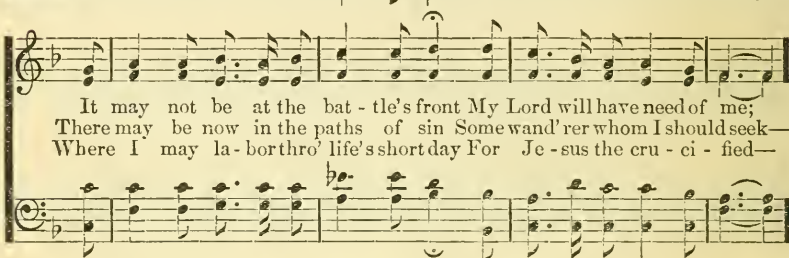
MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

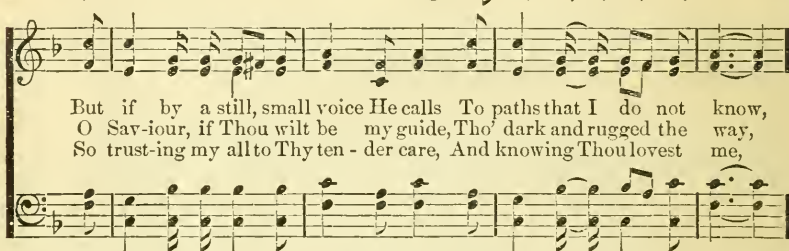
Andante.



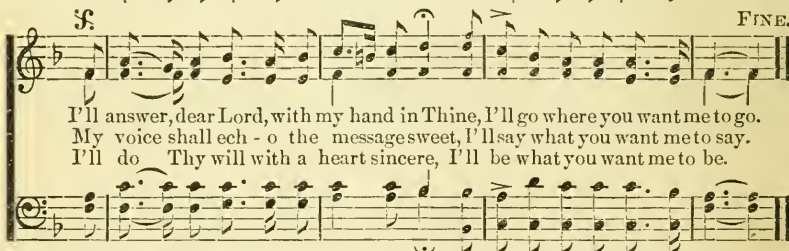
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
 3. There's sure-ly some where a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru-ci-fied—



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
 So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

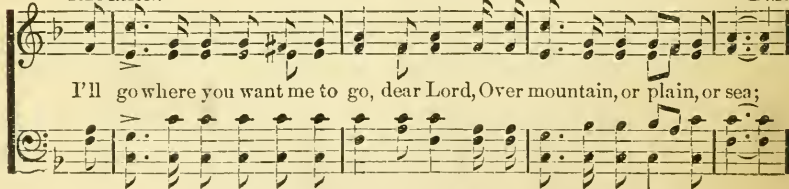


I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech-o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

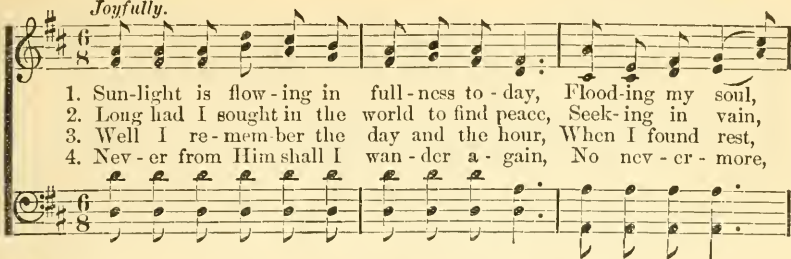
D.S.



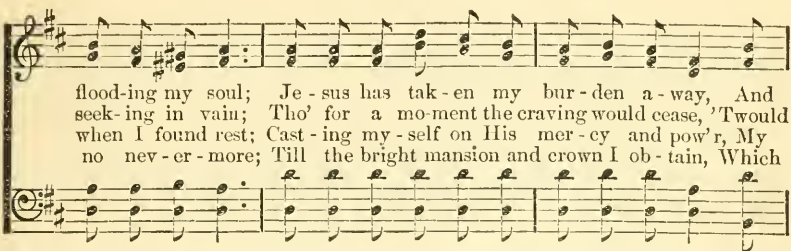
I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

KATE ULMER.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Joyfully.


1. Sun-light is flow-ing in full-ness to-day, Flood-ing my soul,
 2. Long had I sought in the world to find peace, Seek-ing in vain,
 3. Well I re-mem-ber the day and the hour, When I found rest,
 4. Nev-er from Him shall I wan-der a-gain, No nev-er-more,



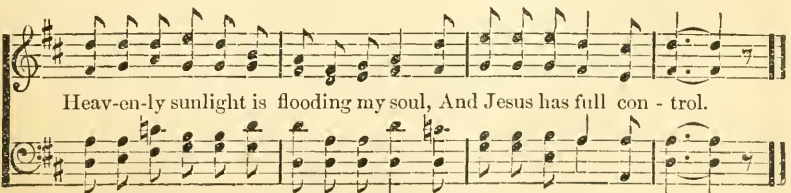
flood-ing my soul; Je-sus has tak-en my bur-den a-way, And
 seek-ing in vain; Tho' for a mo-ment the craving would cease, 'Twould
 when I found rest; Cast-ing my-self on His mer-cy and pow'r, My
 no nev-er-more; Till the bright mansion and crown I ob-tain, Which



CHORUS.
 made me per-fect-ly whole.
 ev-er spring up a-gain.
 need of Him I con-fessed. } Heav-en-ly sun-light is
 He for me has in store.



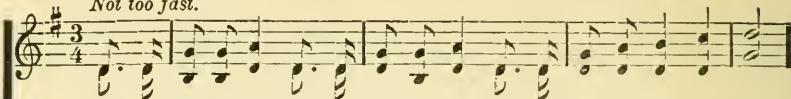
flood-ing my soul, Je-sus my Sav-iour has per-fect con-trol,



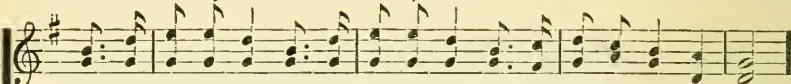
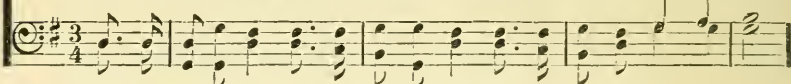
Heav-en-ly sunlight is flooding my soul, And Jesus has full con-trol.

HARRIET E. JONES.

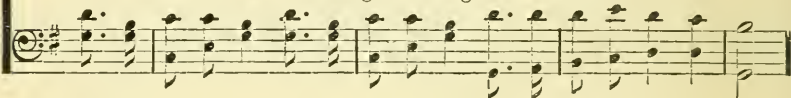
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Not too fast.

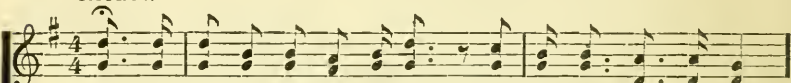
1. There are days of toil for His servants true, There is need of dai - ly pray'r;
2. There are foes to fight as we march a-long, And a trust-y sword to wield,
3. There is grain to reap where the fields are white, And the sheaves to gather in



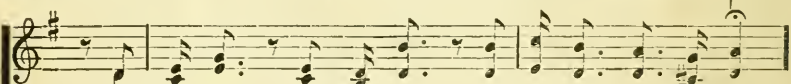
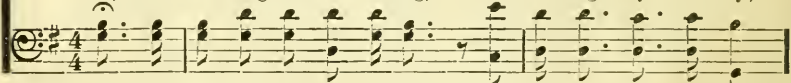
There is earn-est work for His own to do, If we reign with Christ up there!
 We must forward go with an arm that's strong If we conquer in the field.
 That must shine a-bove in the gar-ner bright If a fade-less crown we win.



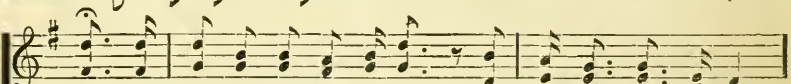
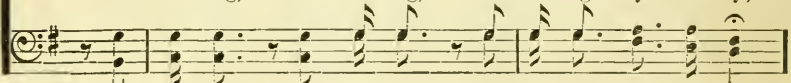
CHORUS.



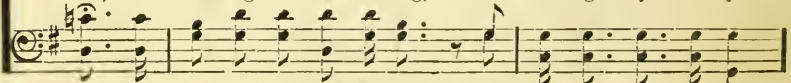
Oh, the rest - ing time is com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;
 Oh, the peace - ful time is com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;
 Oh, the crown-ing time is com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;



'Tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;
 'Tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;
 'Tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by;



Oh, the rest-ing time is com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by.
 Oh, the peace-ful time is com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by.
 Oh, the crown-ing time is com-ing, 'tis com-ing by and by.



'TIS COMING BY AND BY!—Concluded.

rit......

'Tis com-ing, 'tis com-ing When we reach our home on high!

No. 39. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

ANNIE J. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Tempta-tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
 5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 bide, Or life is vain. } I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
 es In me ful - fill.
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son. }

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-iour! I come to Thee.

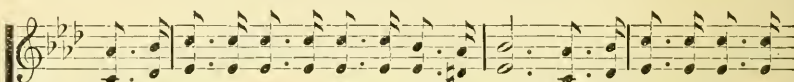
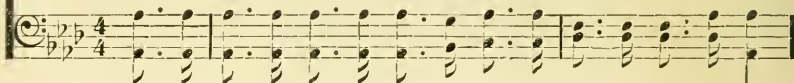
No. 40. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J.

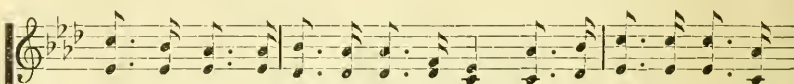
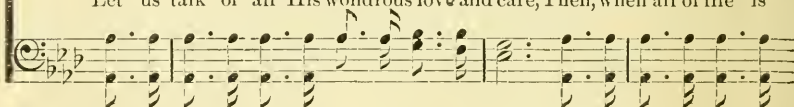
J. M. BLACK.



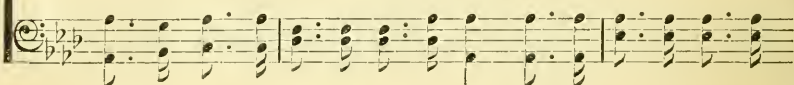
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,



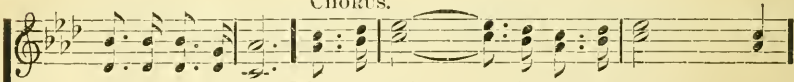
And the morning breaks, eter - nal, bright and fair; When the Saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is



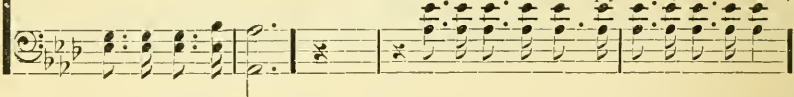
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up



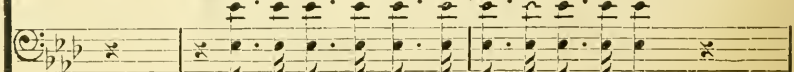
CHORUS.



yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - - der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,



When the roll..... is called up yon - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED, etc.—Concluded.

roll..... is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

When the roll

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It begins with a whole note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a double bar line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a whole note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a double bar line.

No. 41.

PRAYER.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hear us, Heav'nly Fa - ther, As on Thee we call, May Thy gracious
2. Countless are Thy mer - cies As the stars a - bove; Boundless as the
3. Grant us Thy for - give - ness In this sa - cred hour, May we know the

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a whole note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a double bar line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a whole note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a double bar line.

fa - vor On Thy children fall; Help us in temp - ta - tion,
wa - ters Is Thy wondrous love; May we, Heav'nly Fa - ther,
sweet - ness Of Thy sav - ing pow'r; Guide us safe - ly on - ward,

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a whole note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a double bar line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a whole note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a double bar line.

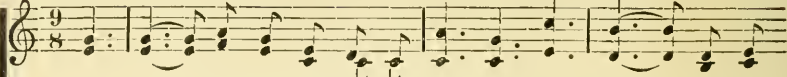
Make us brave and strong, Keep our wand'ring footsteps From the path of wrong,
In Thy love a-hide, Draw us ev - er near - er—Near - er to Thy side.
By Thy hand of love, Till we reach the glo - ry Of the home a - bove.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a whole note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a double bar line. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a whole note chord, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a double bar line.

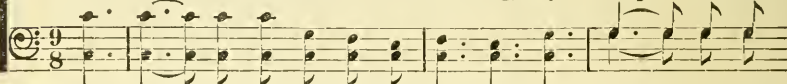
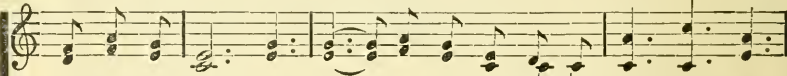
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Psalm 17: 15.

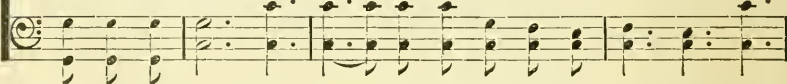
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



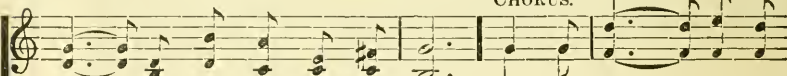
1. I know not the hour of His com-ing, Nor how He will
 2. I know not the bliss that a-waits me, At rest with my
 3. Per-haps in the midst of my la-bor, A voice from my
 4. I know not, but O I am watch-ing, My lamp ev-er

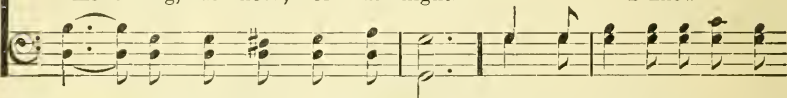
Speak to my heart; Or wheth-er at morn-ing or mid-day, My
 Sav-iour a-bove; I know not how soon I shall en-ter, And
 Lord I shall hear; Per-haps in the slum-ber of mid-night, Its
 burn-ing and bright; I know not if Je-sus will call me, At



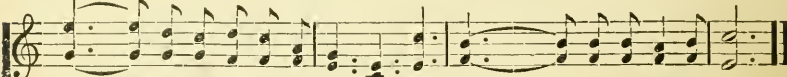
CHORUS.



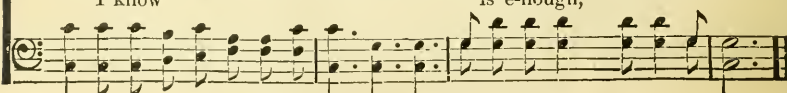
spir-it to Him will de-part. But I know..... I shall
 bathe in the o-cean of love.
 mes-sage may fall on my ear. }
 morn-ing, at noon, or at night. I know




wake in the like-ness of Him I am long-ing to see; I
 Of Him

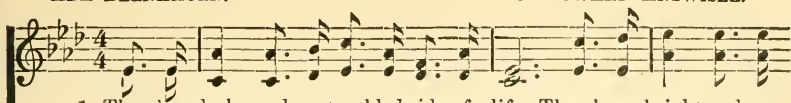
know that mine eyesshall be-hold Him, And that..... is e-nough for me.
 I know is e-nough,



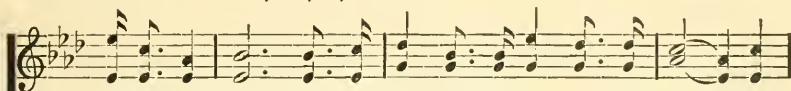
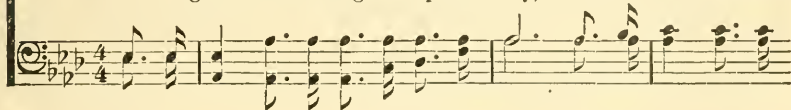
No. 43. KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



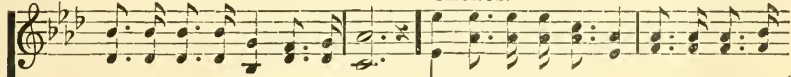
1. There's a dark and a troubled side of life; There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to - day, Crush - ing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo - ments be



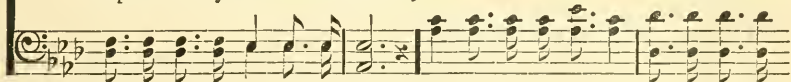
sun - ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark - ness and strife, The
cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The
cloud - y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav - iour al - way, Who



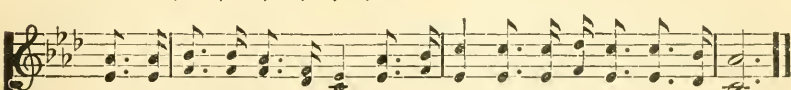
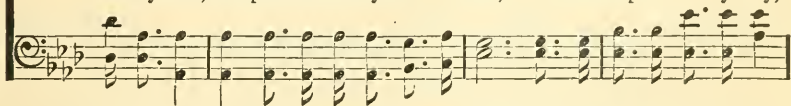
CHORUS.



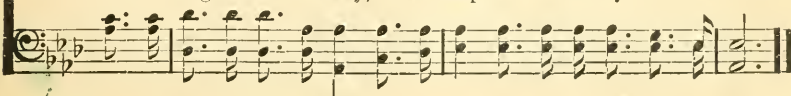
sun - ny side we al - so may view.
sun again will shine bright and clear. } Keep on the sunny side, Always on the
keep - eth ev - ry one in His care. }



sun - ny side, Keep on the sunny side of life; It will help us ev - ry day,



It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sun - ny side of life.

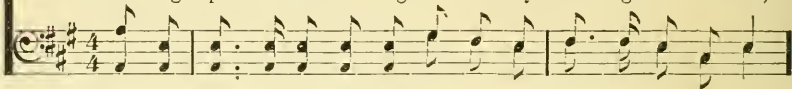


FANNY J. CROSBY.

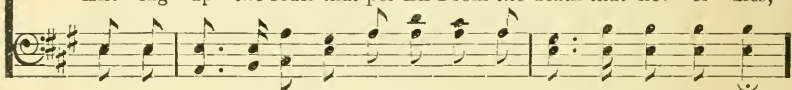
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



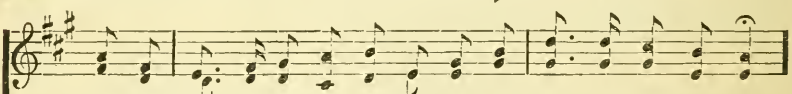
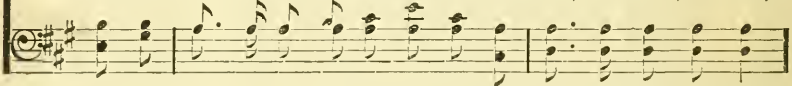
1. Like a strong and might-y ar-my, With a firm and fear-less tread,
2. Like a strong and might-y ar-my May we keep our col-ors bright;
3. Look-ing up as Thou hast taught us To Thy dwell-ing in the skies,—



We are march-ing, blessed Sav-iour, By Thy Word and Spir-it led;
 In Thy cause, O bless-ed Mas-ter, May we all as one u-nite;
 Lift-ing up the souls that per-ish From the death that nev-er dies;



We are go-ing forth to con-quer, And wher-ev-er we may be,
 Then, be-liev-ing in Thy promise "As our day our strength shall be,"
 Con-se-cra-ted now and ev-er To the work, O Lord, are we,



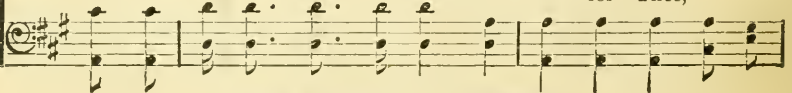
We will cheer each oth-er on-ward With a song of vic-to-ry!
 How our foes will fear and trem-ble At the song of vic-to-ry!
 'Till we en-ter life e-ter-nal With the song of vic-to-ry!



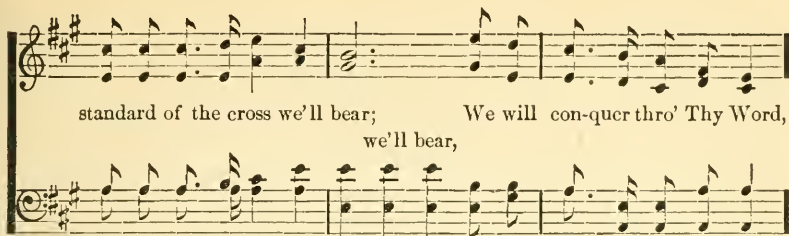
CHORUS.



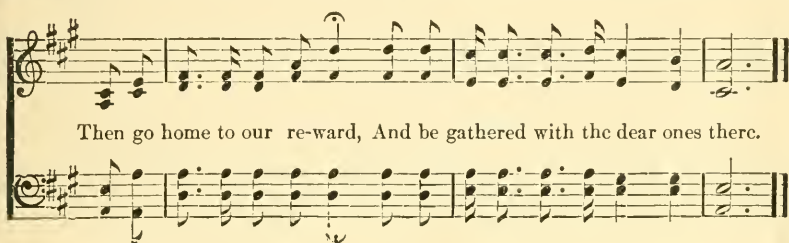
We will bat-tle with the world for Thee, And the
 for Thee,



OUR SONG OF VICTORY.—Concluded.



standard of the cross we'll bear; We will con-quer thro' Thy Word,
we'll bear,



Then go home to our re-ward, And be gathered with the dear ones there.


No. 45.

JESUS NEAR.

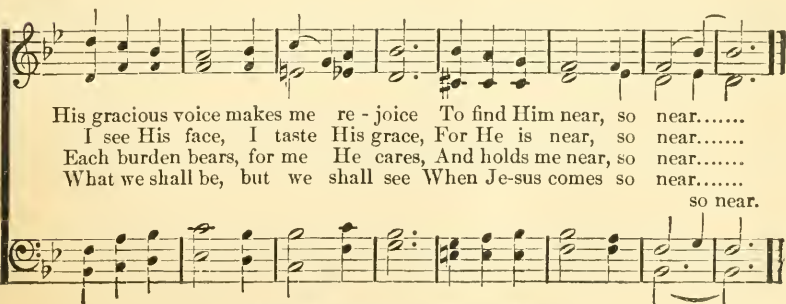
WM. H. CLARK.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Tenderly.



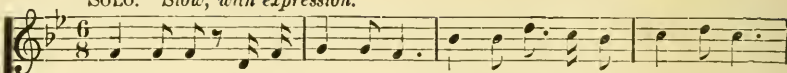
1. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, His presence doth my Spir-it cheer;
2. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, He speaks and scatters ev-'ry fear;
3. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, His love supreme dries ev-'ry tear;
4. Je-sus is near, so near, so near, It doth not yet to us ap-pear



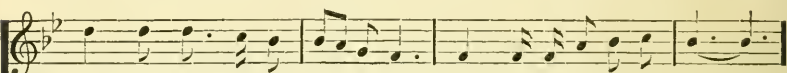
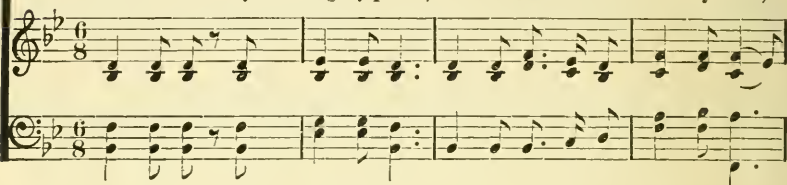
His gracious voice makes me re-joice To find Him near, so near.....
I see His face, I taste His grace, For He is near, so near.....
Each burden bears, for me He cares, And holds me near, so near.....
What we shall be, but we shall see When Je-sus comes so near.....
so near.

BIRDIE BELL.

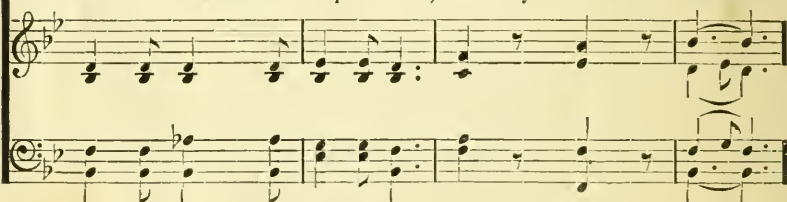
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

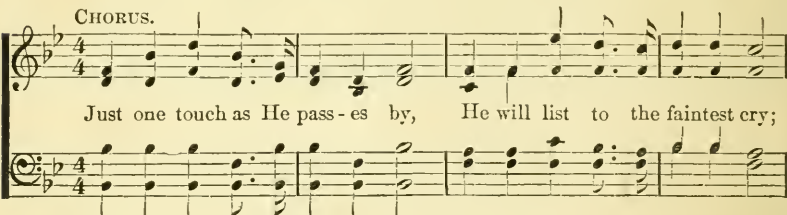
1. Just one touch as He moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His mighty pow'r, He can save thee this ver - y hour,



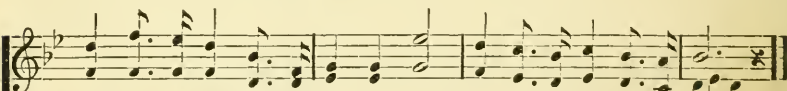
Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 At His feet all my bur-dens roll, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.
 Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.



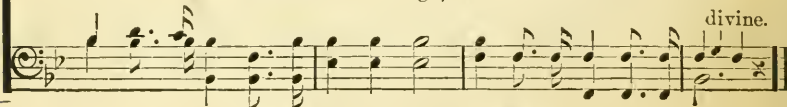
CHORUS.



Just one touch as He pass - es by, He will list to the faintest cry;



Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er di - vine.

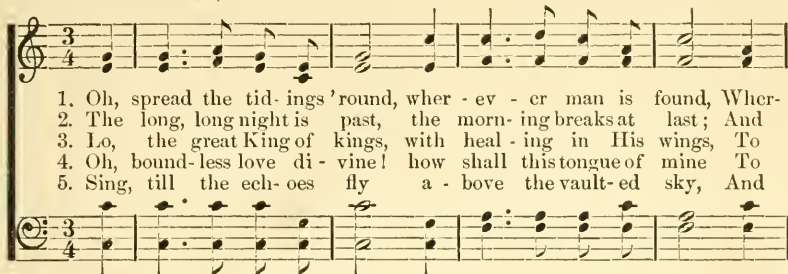


divine.

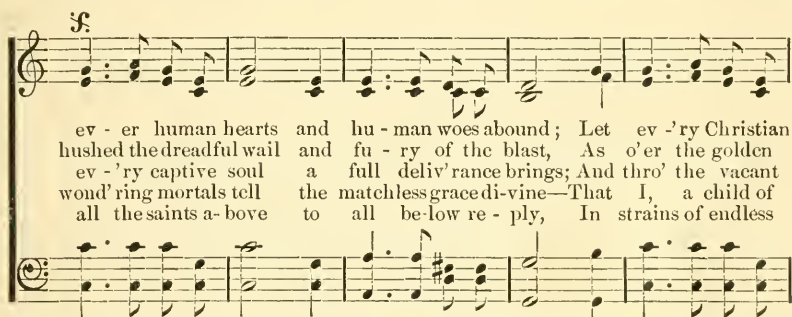
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 14: 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



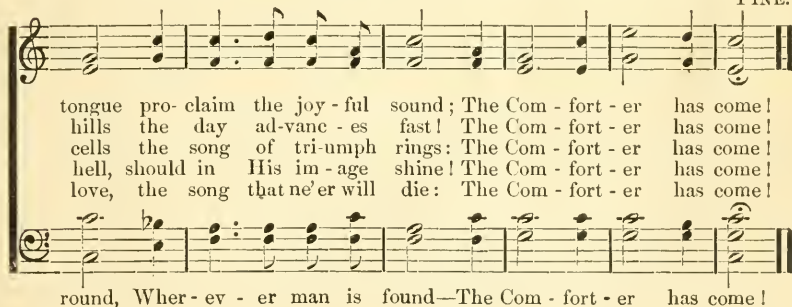
1. Oh, spread the tid-ings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To
 4. Oh, bound-less love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



ev - er human hearts and hu - man woes abound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the golden
 ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings

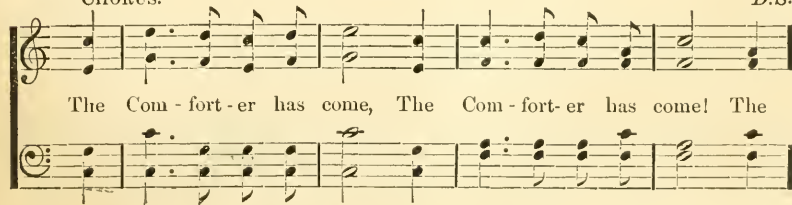
FINE.



tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad-vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

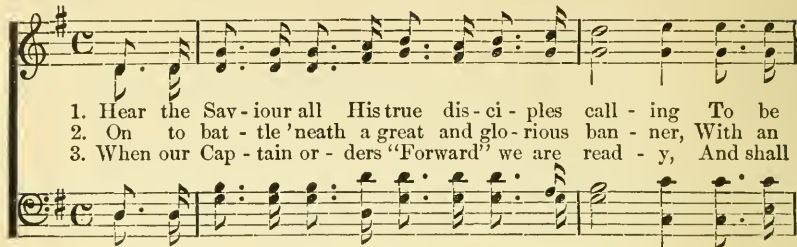
CHORUS.

D.S.


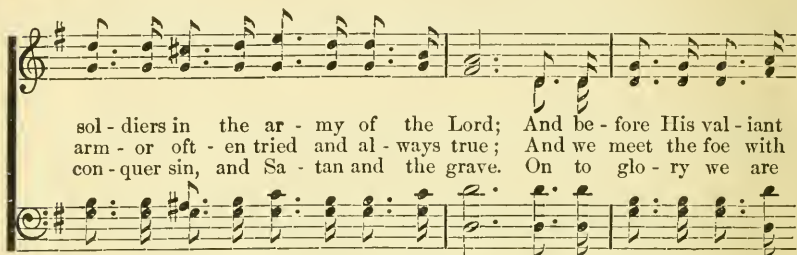
The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

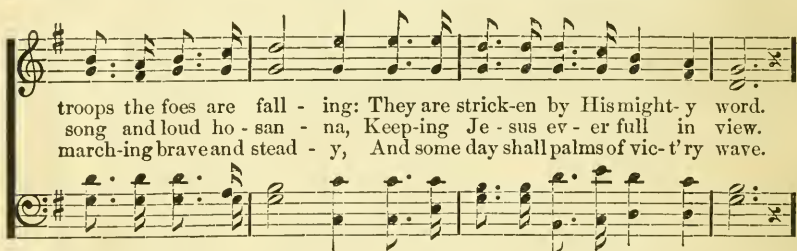
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. Hear the Sav-our all His true dis-ci-ples call-ing To be
 2. On to bat-tle 'neath a great and glo-rious ban-ner, With an
 3. When our Cap-tain or-ders "Forward" we are read-y, And shall

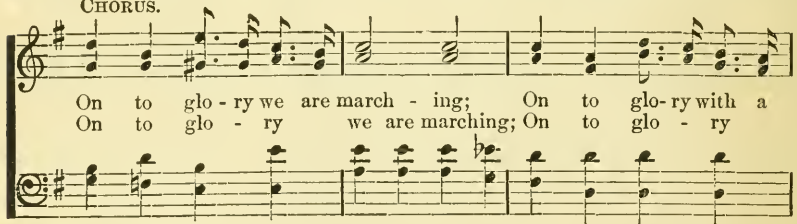


sol-diers in the ar-my of the Lord; And be-fore His val-iant
 arm-or oft-en tried and al-ways true; And we meet the foe with
 con-quer sin, and Sa-tan and the grave. On to glo-ry we are

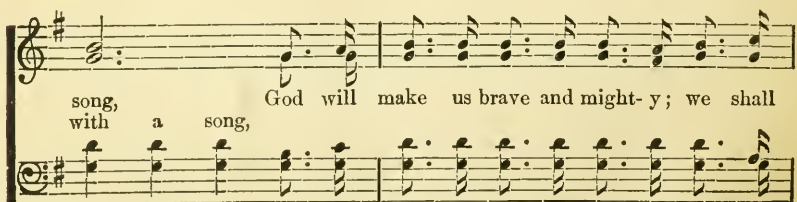


troops the foes are fall-ing; They are strick-en by His might-y word.
 song and loud ho-san-na, Keep-ing Je-sus ev-er full in view.
 march-ing brave and stead-y, And some day shall palms of vic-t'ry wave.

CHORUS.



On to glo-ry we are march-ing; On to glo-ry with a
 On to glo-ry we are marching; On to glo-ry



song,
 with a song, God will make us brave and might-y; we shall

ON TO GLORY.—Concluded.

tri-umph o'er the wrong, And pur - sue the foe with shout and song.

No. 49.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry And end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies Of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My
 par - don On Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing The
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew Lies
 dore Thee In heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

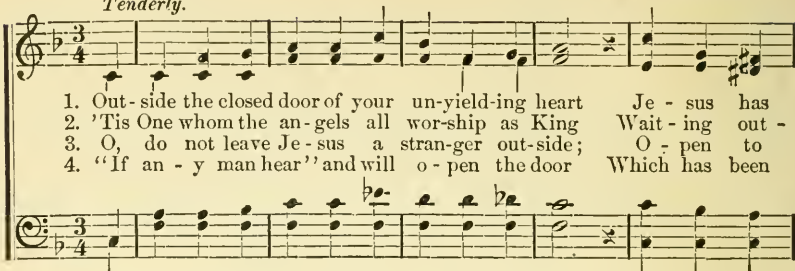
Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thornson Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 Crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 50. JESUS IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

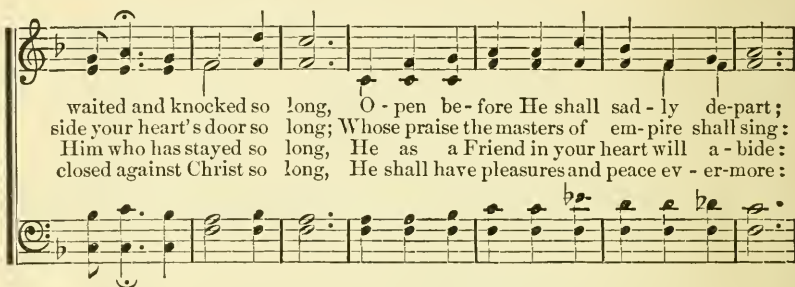
Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

LUE REED MIDDLEBROOK.

Tenderly.

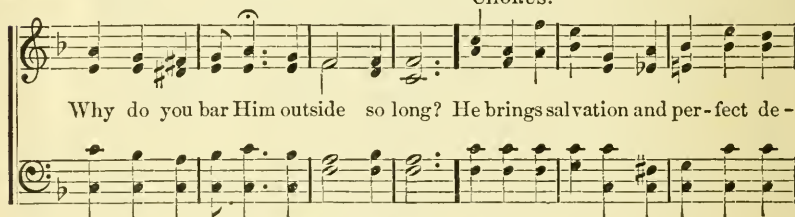


1. Out - side the closed door of your un - yield - ing heart Je - sus has
 2. 'Tis One whom the an - gels all wor - ship as King Wait - ing out -
 3. O, do not leave Je - sus a stran - ger out - side; O - pen to
 4. "If an - y man hear" and will o - pen the door Which has been



waited and knocked so long, O - pen be - fore He shall sad - ly de - part;
 side your heart's door so long; Whose praise the masters of em - pire shall sing:
 Him who has stayed so long, He as a Friend in your heart will a - bide:
 closed against Christ so long, He shall have pleasures and peace ev - er - more:

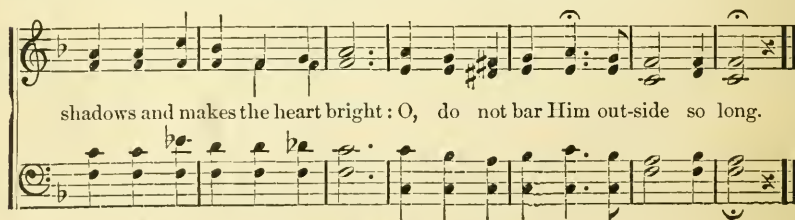
CHORUS.



Why do you bar Him outside so long? He brings salvation and per - fect de -



light, He comes with a glo - ry that scat - ters our night; He drives out the



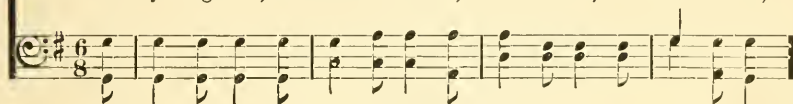
shadows and makes the heart bright: O, do not bar Him out - side so long.

MELVILLE WINANS MILLER.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. O wea - ry soul, by guilt oppressed, Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in;
2. O doubt-ing, trembling soul, hear thou, Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in;
3. O wand'ring soul, I plead with thee, Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in;
4. O dy - ing soul, if thou wouldst live, Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in;



Come, lay thy head up - on His breast, And find in Him e - ter - nal rest.
 While yet thou canst, be - fore Him bow, Be - lieve Him and con fess Him now.
 He stands with-out and calls to thee, He calls thee now His child to be.
 He on - ly can thy sins for-give, O trust in Him and thou shalt live.



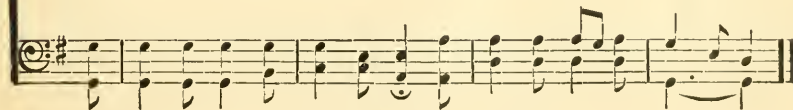
CHORUS.



Let Je - sus in, Let Je - sus in, O let the King of glo - ry in;

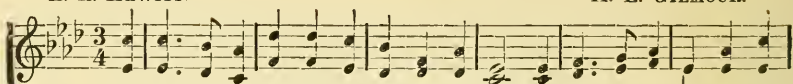


Let Je - sus now thy Sav-iour be, And from thy sin be free.....
 be free.

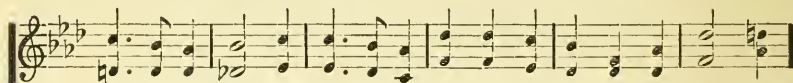
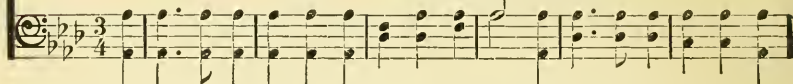


E. E. HEWITT.

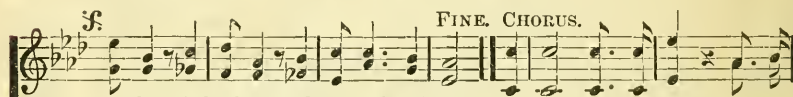
H. L. GILMOUR.



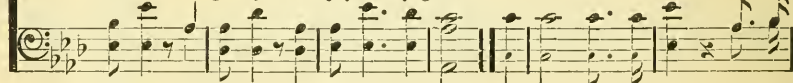
1. A-drift on the wa-ters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the beau-ti-ful
2. O, I was the sin-ner a-lone on the sea, But love's blessed signals were
3. I stepped in the life-boat, provided for me, And Je-sus my Pi-lot, my
4. Life's tur-bulent surges are kissed into peace, The beacons are shining and



cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sink-ing, for heavy the gale, The
float-ing for me; Tho' thunders were rolling and bil - lows at strife, Lo,
Cap-tain will be; His bos - om my ref-uge, my "ha-ven of rest," I'm
songs nev-er cease; Fair moonbeams, brightsunshine, illumine the tide, While



ca - ble is broken, and tattered each sail.
Je - sus was calling, "Escape for thy life." } Poor child of the wreck, see the
rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest.
onward to glo-ry we'll joy-ful-ly glide.



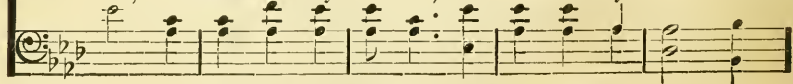
D.S.—Je-sus, King Jesus, "the mighty to save."



life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Mas - ter is



here; He walks ev - 'ry bil - low, con - trols ev - 'ry wave: 'Tis



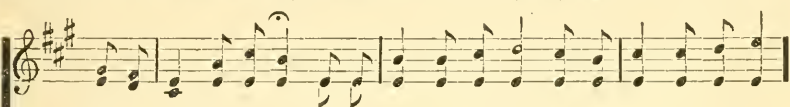
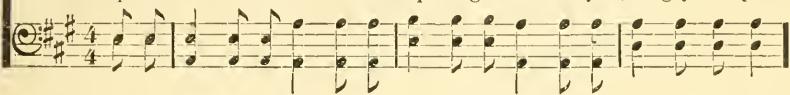
No. 53. WILL YOU COME TO THE FEAST?

HARRIET E. JONES.

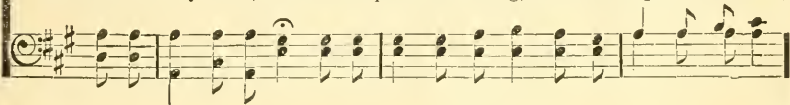
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Will you come to the feast? Will you sup with the Lord? He will welcome the least
2. Will you come and be fed By our Saviour and Lord? With our great King and Head
3. Open wide is the door To the banqueting hall—Are you hungry and poor?



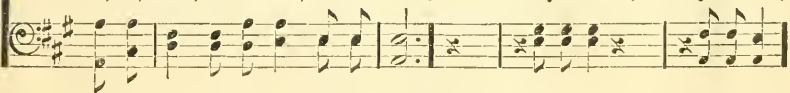
To His bountiful board; There's enough and to spare, and right royal the fare,
Will you sit at the board? He in-vites you to-day, dare you lon-ger de-lay?
There is food for you all; Come and sup with the King, with our Prophet and Priest,



CHORUS.



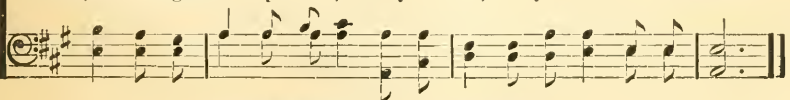
Will you come, one and all, to the feast? Will you come, will you come,.....
Is there one who will dare to say nay? }
Come, oh, come, one and all, to the feast. } Will you come, will you come,



Will you come to the feast? For the world there is room, Lo! the King will pre-

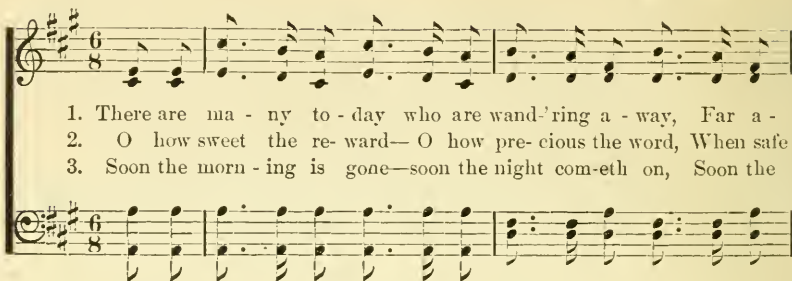


side, for each guest will provide, Will you come, will you come to the feast?

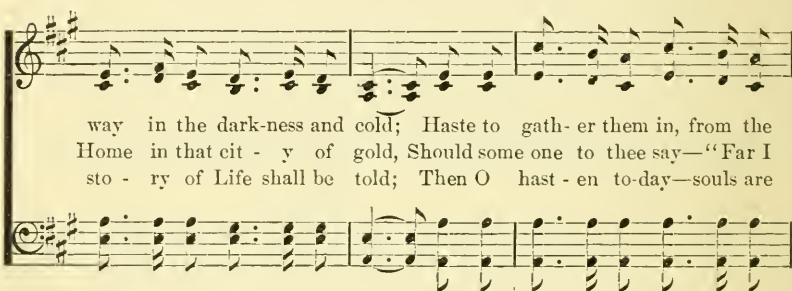


ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

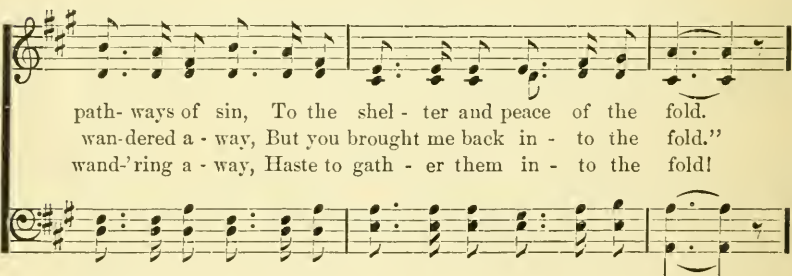
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. There are ma - ny to - day who are wand - ring a - way, Far a -
 2. O how sweet the re - ward— O how pre - cious the word, When safe
 3. Soon the morn - ing is gone—soon the night com - eth on, Soon the



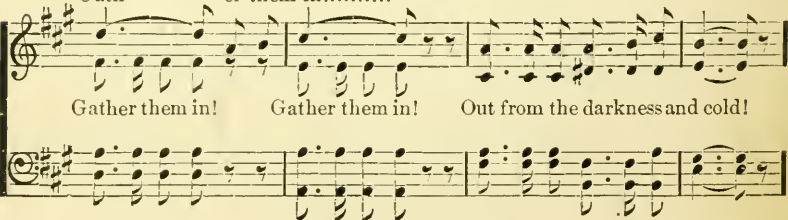
way in the dark - ness and cold; Haste to gath - er them in, from the
 Home in that cit - y of gold, Should some one to thee say—"Far I
 sto - ry of Life shall be told; Then O hast - en to-day—souls are



path - ways of sin, To the shel - ter and peace of the fold.
 wan - dered a - way, But you brought me back in - to the fold."
 wand - ring a - way, Haste to gath - er them in - to the fold!

CHORUS.

Gath - - er them in!.....



Gather them in! Gather them in! Out from the darkness and cold!

GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.—Concluded.

O count not the cost—seek for the lost, But gather them in—to the fold!

No. 55.

PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy, Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

FINE.

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D.S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

No. 56.

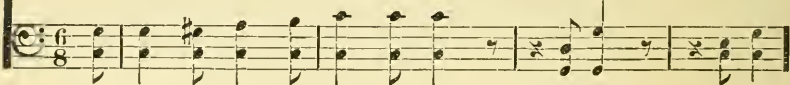
WORKING, WATCHING, PRAYING.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

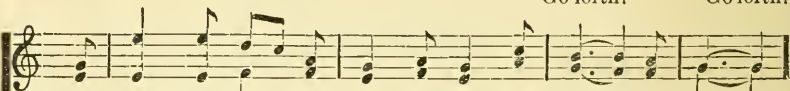
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



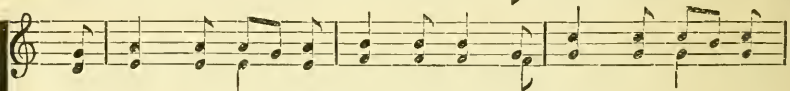
1. Go forth! go forth for Je - sus now—Be work - ing! be watch - ing!
 2. Go forth! go forth to all the world! Oh, stay not! de - lay not—
 3. Go forth! let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! be watch - ing!



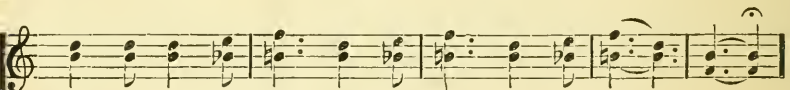
Go forth! Go forth!



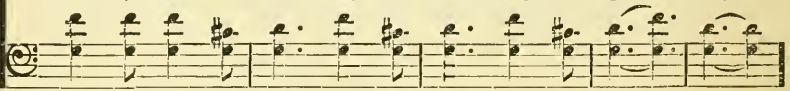
The Lord Him - self will teach you how To watch and pray.
 But let Love's ban - ner be unfurled, And grace be told.
 Oh, stay the might-y pow'r of wrong Wher - e'er ye may.



'Tis not for thee thy field to choose—No work He gives must
 Oh, let re - deem-ing love be sung—A song of joy on
 E-quipped with love and strength di-vine, The vic - to - ry is



thou re - fusc—Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!
 ev - 'ry tongue! Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!
 sure - ly thine—Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!



CHORUS.



Go forth to work—to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus who calls thee—



Go forth, Go forth,

WORKING, WATCHING, PRAYING.—Concluded.

The har - vest waits for thee to - day—Go bring some sheaves for God.

No. 57.

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

REGINALD HEBER.

Tune, Nicea.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty - y! All Thy works shall

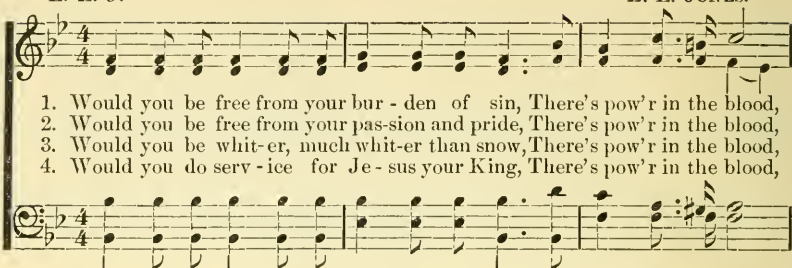
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and seraphim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

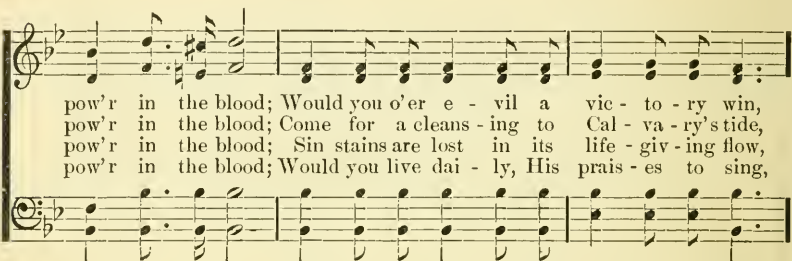
No. 58. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J.

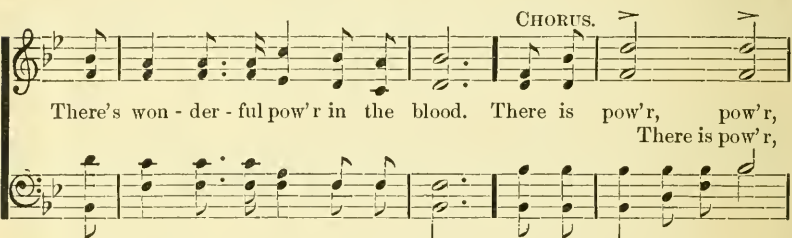
L. E. JONES.



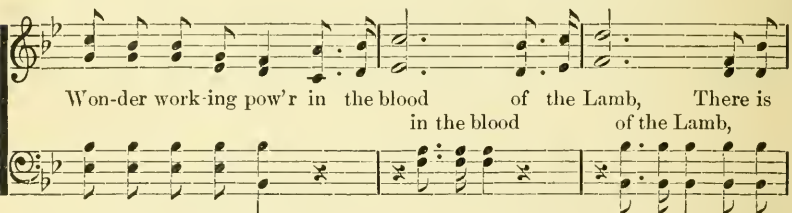
1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin, There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride, There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er than snow, There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King, There's pow'r in the blood,



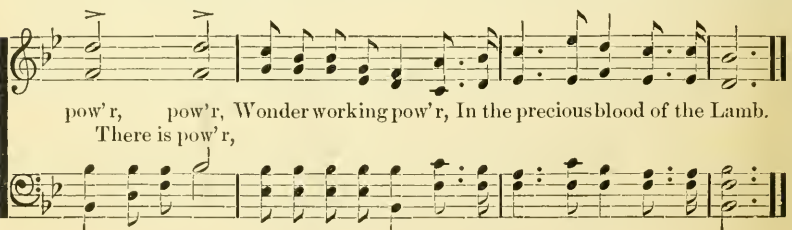
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing,



CHORUS.
 There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,



Won-der work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
 in the blood of the Lamb,



pow'r, pow'r, Wonder working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. There is LIFE in the name of Je - sus, For no oth-er name will save,
2. There is HOPE in the name of Je - sus, Tho' the waves of life may roll,
3. There is JOY in the name of Je - sus, When we make of Him our choice,
4. There is REST in the name of Je - sus, When we lean up-on His breast,



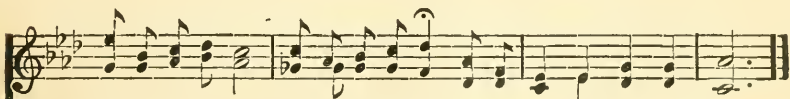
For that name will a-lone ad - mit us To that home be-yond the grave.
 For that name in the hour of dan - ger Is an an - chor to the soul.
 Then thro' life like the sweet-est mu - sic Will that name our hearts re-joice.
 In His name is that sweetest prom-ise, "Come, and I will give you rest."



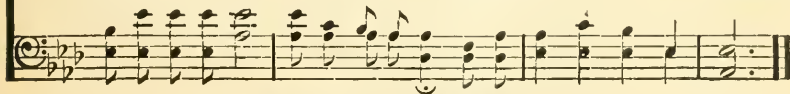
CHORUS.



O that ho - ly name, O that sweetest name, Now and evermore the same!



"Je-sus" is our cry, As the days go by, Blessed be His ho - ly name!

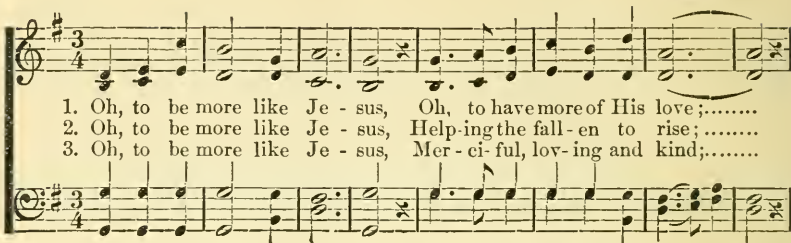


No. 60.

OH, TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.

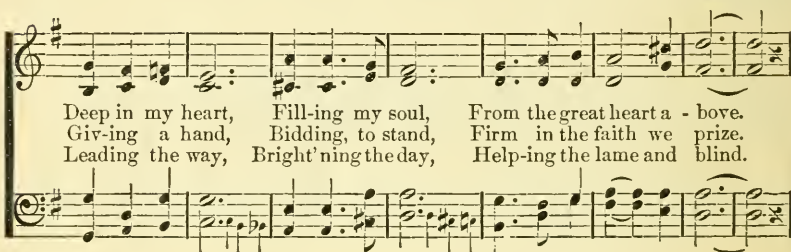
W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

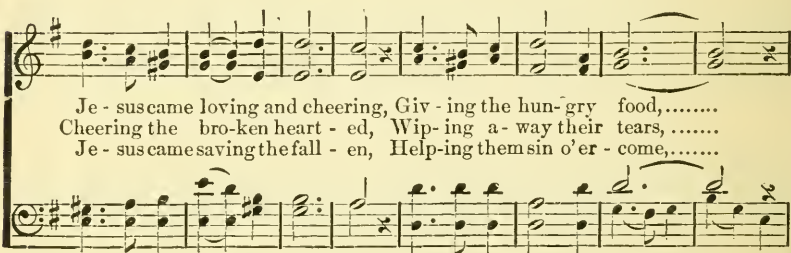


1. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Oh, to have more of His love;.....
 2. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Help-ing the fall-en to rise;.....
 3. Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Mer-ci-ful, lov-ing and kind;.....

His love;
 to rise;
 and kind;

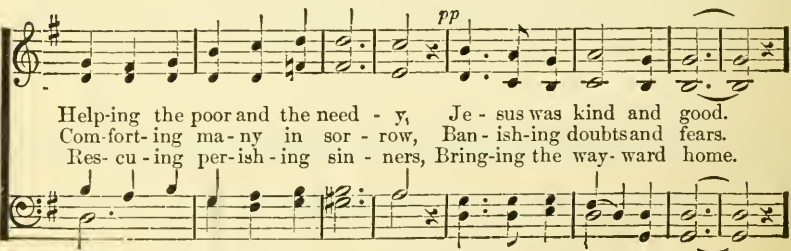


Deep in my heart, Fill-ing my soul, From the great heart a - bove.
 Giv-ing a hand, Bidding, to stand, Firm in the faith we prize.
 Leading the way, Bright'ning the day, Help-ing the lame and blind.



Je - sus came lov-ing and cheer-ing, Giv - ing the hun - gry food,.....
 Cheer-ing the bro - ken heart - ed, Wip - ing a - way their tears,.....
 Je - sus came sav-ing the fall - en, Help-ing them sin o'er - come,.....

the hun - gry
 a - way their
 them sin o'er -



Help-ing the poor and the need - y, Je - sus was kind and good.
 Com-fort-ing ma - ny in sor - row, Ban - ish-ing doubts and fears.
 Res - cu - ing per-ish - ing sin - ners, Bring-ing the way - ward home.

food,
 tears,
 come,

Help-ing the need - y,
 Com-fort-ing sor - row,
 Res - cu - ing sin - ners,

OH, TO BE MORE LIKE JESUS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, to be more like Je - sus, Guid - ing the sin - ner a - bove;
 Nev - er ceas - ing try - ing, Liv - ing or dy - ing, Work - ing for God and love.

No. 61.

"ONLY."

Anon.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Andante.

1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing - ly, qui - et - ly said;
 2. On - ly a look of re - mon - strance, Sor - row - ful, gen - tle and deep;
 3. On - ly some act of de - vo - tion, Will - ing - ly, joy - ful - ly done;
 4. On - ly an hour with the chil - dren, Pleas - ant - ly, cheer - ful - ly given;
 5. "On - ly," — but Je - sus is look - ing Con - stant - ly, ten - der - ly down

On - ly a word, Yet the Master heard, And some fainting hearts were fed.
 On - ly a look, Yet the strong man shook, And he went a - lone to weep.
 "Surely, 'twas naught," (So the proud world tho't) But yet souls for Christ are won.
 Yet seed was sown In that hour a - lone, Which would bring forth fruit from Heaven.
 To earth, and sees Those who strive to please, And their love He loves to crown.

No. 62.

ALL ALONG LIFE'S PATHWAY.

ROBERT DREW ATHERLY.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. All along life's pathway, Toilers you will meet, Bear-ing heavy bur-dens,
 2. All along life's pathway, Mourners linger sad, Knowing naught of sunshine,
 3. All along life's pathway, Wand'ers idly stray, Heeding not God's mer-cy

Dragging wea-ry feet. You may help some tired one Just a lit-tle while,
 Nev-er look-ing glad. You may give sweet com-fort, By the things you do,
 Nor the heav'n-ly way. You may go and tell them Of the message sweet,

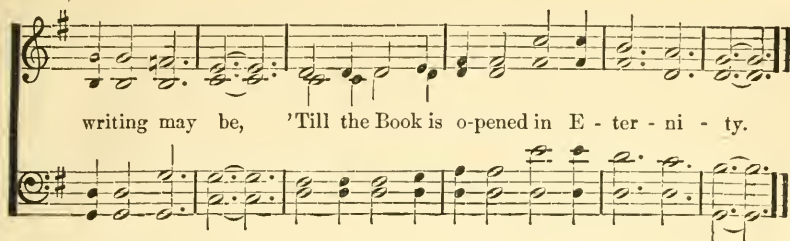
You may cheer a sink-ing heart, With a hap-py smile.
 You may turn a heart to Christ, By a word or two.
 You may lead some anx-ious soul To the Sav-iour's feet.

CHORUS.

Do not pass your broth-er with a-vert-ed eye, For your Mas-ter

watch-es from His throne on high; You can nev-er know what the

ALL ALONG LIFE'S PATHWAY.—Concluded.



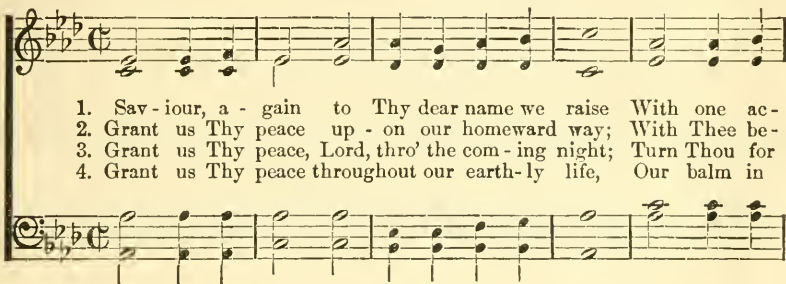
writing may be, 'Till the Book is o-pened in E - ter - ni - ty.

No. 63.

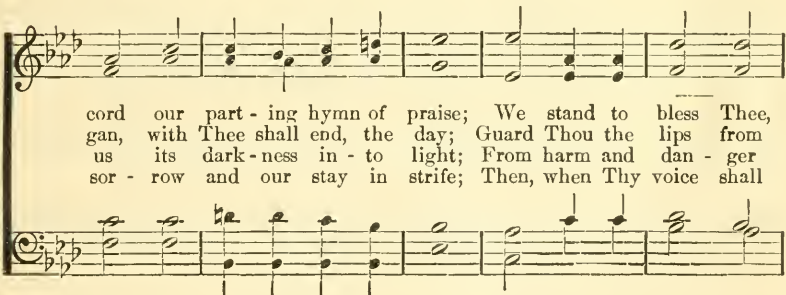
PARTING HYMN.

J. ELLERTON.

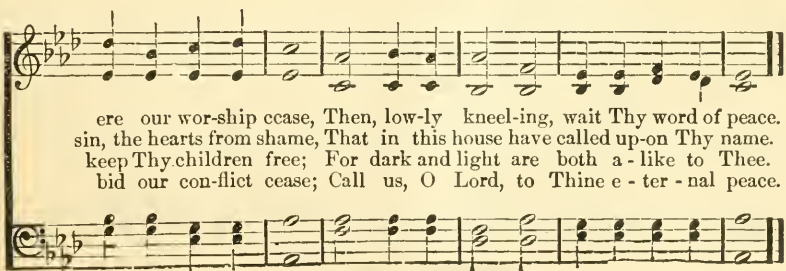
E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth-ly life, Our balm in



cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee,
 gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
 us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan-ger
 sor-row and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall



ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy name.
 keep Thy children free; For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.
 bid our con-flict cease; Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

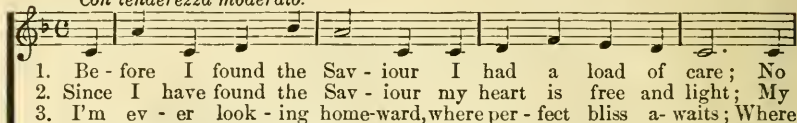
No. 64.

FILLED WITH SUNSHINE.

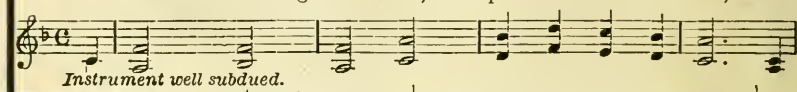
Dedicated to B. P. STOUT, Phila.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

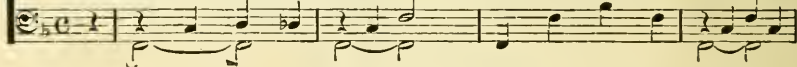
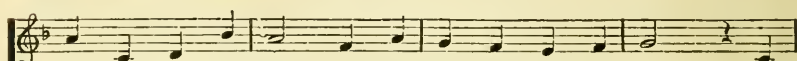
LUE REED MIDDLEBROOK.

Con tenderezza moderato.


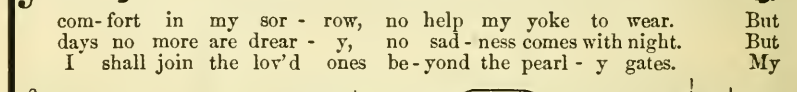
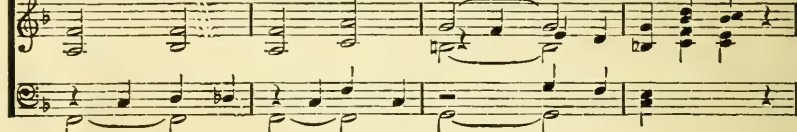
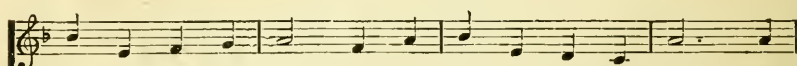
1. Be - fore I found the Sav - iour I had a load of care; No
 2. Since I have found the Sav - iour my heart is free and light; My
 3. I'm ev - er look - ing home - ward, where per - fect bliss a - waits; Where



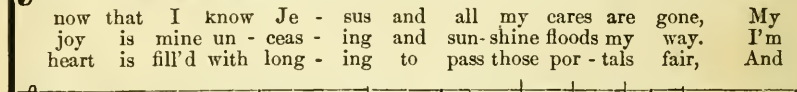
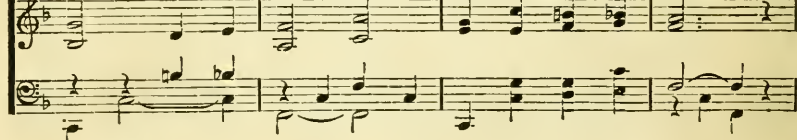
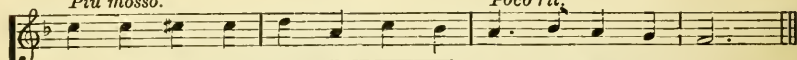
Instrument well subdued.

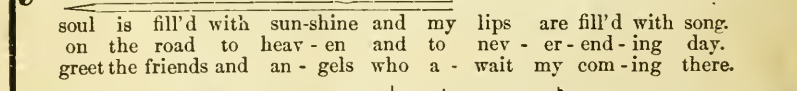
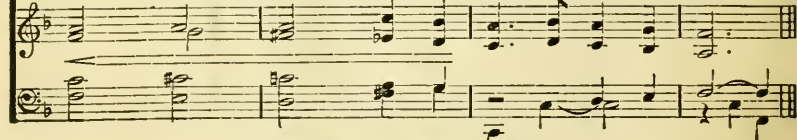
com - fort in my sor - row, no help my yoke to wear. But
 days no more are drear - y, no sad - ness comes with night. But
 I shall join the lov'd ones be - yond the pearl - y gates. My

now that I know Je - sus and all my cares are gone, My
 joy is mine un - ceas - ing and sun - shine floods my way. I'm
 heart is fill'd with long - ing to pass those por - tals fair, And



*Piu mosso.**Poco rit.*


soul is fill'd with sun - shine and my lips are fill'd with song.
 on the road to heav - en and to nev - er - end - ing day.
 greet the friends and an - gels who a - wait my com - ing there.

FILLED WITH SUNSHINE.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Allegro non troppo.*

My soul is fill'd with sun-shine, my days are bright with love; I'm
hap - py here and wait - ing for the per - fect bliss a - bove.

No. 65.

LEAD US, SAVIOUR.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Lead us, Saviour, lead us ev - er, With Thy gent - ly guiding hand;
2. Lead us, Saviour, lead us ev - er, With-out Thee a - far we roam;

Lead us thro' the joys and sor - rows Of an un - seen fu - ture land.
Lead us thro' the storm and dark - ness To the light and peace of home.

CHORUS.

Lead us, Sav - iour, lead us ev - er, Safe - ly guide our wand'ring feet;

Lead us on to lands of beau - ty, Pastures green and meadows sweet.

Mrs. F. A. BRECK.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

Deciso.

1. There's a sound of bat - tle—hear the beat-ing drums—Near-er—com-ing
 2. "Out of trib - u - la - tion!" ah! the cru - cial years Bro't them un - to
 3. Let us all be faith - ful, do - ing well our part—Bear - ing our ap -

near - er still— a might - y ar - my comes—See their ban - ners wav - ing!
 bit - ter - ness thro' days and nights of tears; Now 'tis all for - got - ten—
 point - ed load with un - com - plain - ing heart; Cross - es first, then crowning!

hear their ju - bi - lee—Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
 vic - to - ry they see—Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
 so our song shall be: Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

CHORUS.
 In the cross we con - quer, vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

Noth - ing less than glo - rious vic - to - ry! Tell it on the mountains,

NOTHING LESS THAN VICTORY.—Concluded.

send it o'er the sea! Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

ad lib. *v*

No. 67. WELCOME, DELIGHTFUL MORN.

HAYWARD.

F. SCHNEIDER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn; Thou day of sa - cred rest!
 2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne of grace;
 3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quickening pow'rs;

I hail Thy kind re - turn, Lord! make these mo - ments blest;
 Thy scep - tre, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face;
 Dis - close a Sav - iour's love, And bless the sa - cred hours;

From the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im -
 Let sin - ners feel Thy quickening word, And learn to know and
 Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor sab - baths be in -

mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
 fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
 dulged in vain, Nor Sab - baths be in - dulged in vain.

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

Arr. by GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Spirited.

1. O my sweet home, Je - ru - sa - lem! Thy joys when shall I see?
2. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks, Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
3. Right thro' thy streets with pleas - ing sound, The flood of life doth flow;
4. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?



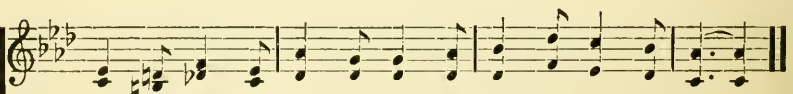
The King that sit - teth on thy throne, In His fe - lic - i - ty?
 Where grow such sweet and pleas - ant flow'rs, As no - where else are seen.
 And on the banks, on eith - er side, The trees of life do grow.
 When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?



CHORUS.



Way o - ver Jor - dan! Way o - ver Jor - dan! O

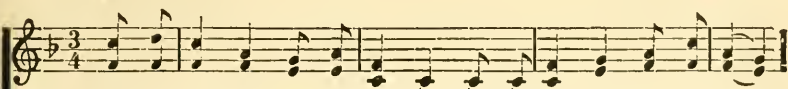


land of rest and bliss un - told, My own e - ter - nal home.

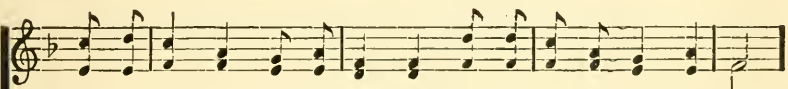


FLORA KIRKLAND.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. In Thy foot-steps, bless-ed Mas - ter, Help me fol-low, day by day;—
2. When the joys of life en-fold me, Help me fix my tho'ts on Thee,
3. Should soft dreams of sin-ful pleas-ure, Tempt me from the nar-row way,
4. Should tempta-tion dark surround me, Help me hold my stead-fast way;—



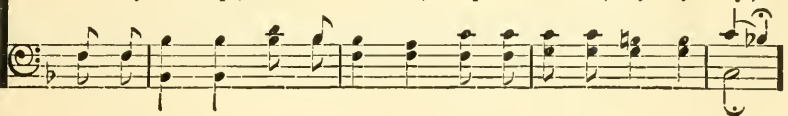
Halt-ing nev - er, watch-ing ev - er, Walk-ing in the nar-row way.
 Draw me near - er, whis-per clear - er, Till Thy bless-ed face I see.
 Keep, oh, keep me! warn and shield me, Let me not in by-paths stray!
 Trust-ing ev - er, doubt-ing nev - er, Till I reach the realms of day.



CHORUS.



In Thy foot-steps, bless-ed Mas - ter, Help me fol-low, day by day;

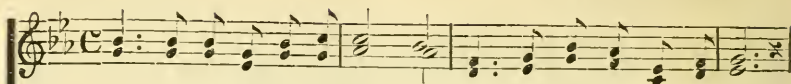


Trust-ing ev - er, doubt-ing nev - er, Walk-ing in the nar-row way.

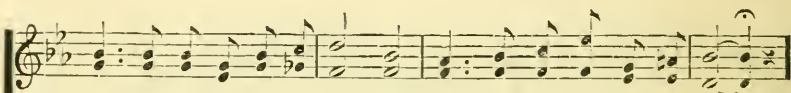


IDA L. REED.

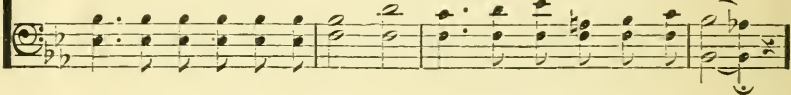
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



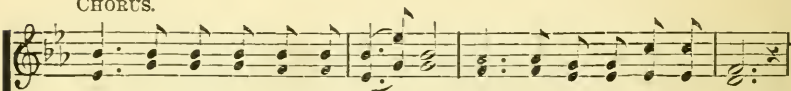
1. Je - sus, Saviour, hear and help me, Let me dai - ly learn of Thee,
2. Let me serve Thee gladly, tru - ly, Thou, my strength in ev - 'ry need,
3. Though my place be e'er so low - ly, Thro' Thy love it may be blest,
4. Lead me in Thy truth, dear Sav-iour, And in love a - bid with me,



All Thy will that I may serve Thee, All Thine own I long to be.
 Make me will-ing, Lord, to fol - low, Where-so - ev - er Thou may'st lead.
 And to me it should be ho - ly, If Thy Spir - it on me rest.
 Joy - ful - ly Thy steps I fol - low, Let me ev - er live for Thee.



CHORUS.



Make my will Thine own, dear Sav-iour, Faith - ful, loy - al let me be,



Walk - ing in Thy ways so bless - ed, Let me ev - er live for Thee.



ANCHOR YOUR BARK.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Look well to your ca - bles, my broth - er, For sev - er - ed the
2. Con - cealed by the gath - er - ing dark - ness, Are break - ers of
3. So an - chor your bark to the Christ - rock, And ask the dear

faith strands may be, Take heed lest you slip from your moor - ings, And
sin, just at hand; O soul! there is ma - ny a dan - ger To
Je - sus to be Your pi - lot, to guide you in safe - ty To the

CHORUS.
Drift - - ing a - way,.....

storm-toss'd lie out on life's sea.
keep you from gaining the land. } Drifting a-way, drifting a-way,
shores of e - ter - ni - ty. }

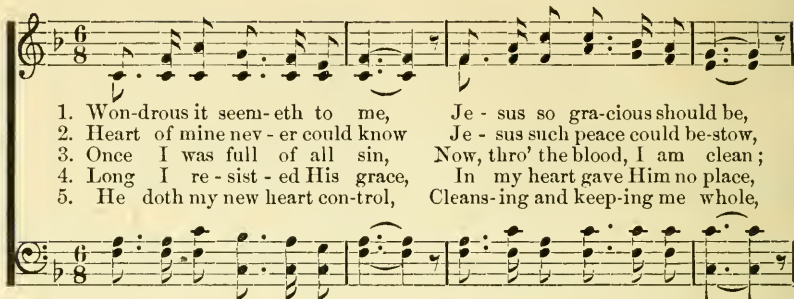
drift - - ing a - way,.....

drifting a-way, drift-ing a-way, Far from the home of the blest,...

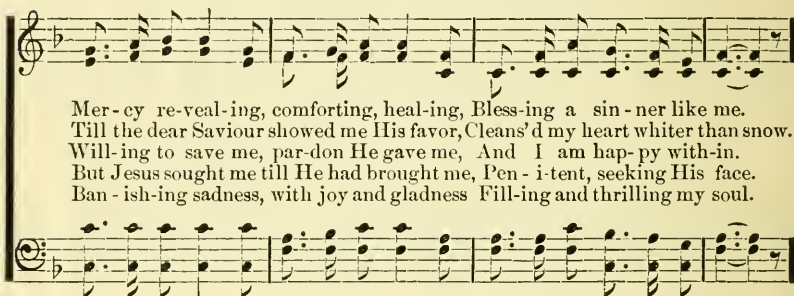
Then anchor your soul on the Christ-rock, For un - der its shadow is rest.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

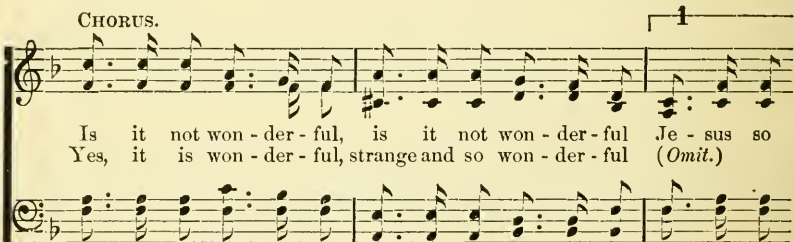


1. Won-drous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gra-cious should be,
 2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be-stow,
 3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
 4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
 5. He doth my new heart con-trol, Cleans-ing and keep-ing me whole,



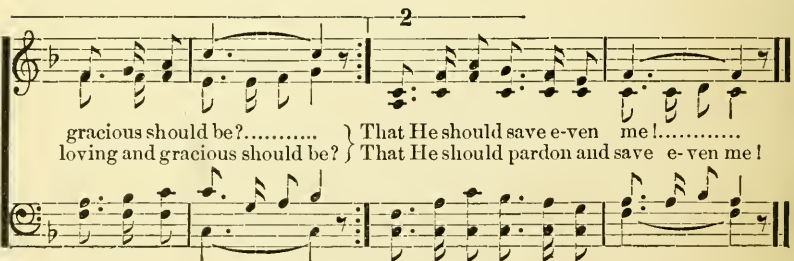
Mer-cy re-veal-ing, comforting, heal-ing, Bless-ing a sin-ner like me.
 Till the dear Saviour showed me His favor, Cleans'd my heart whiter than snow.
 Will-ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.
 But Jesus sought me till He had brought me, Pen - i-tent, seeking His face.
 Ban-ish-ing sadness, with joy and gladness Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS. 1



Is it not won - der - ful, is it not won - der - ful Je - sus so
 Yes, it is won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful (Omit.)

2

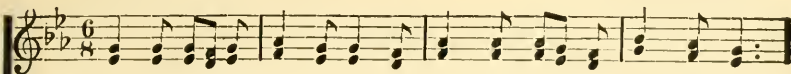


gracious should be?..... } That He should save e-ven me!.....
 loving and gracious should be? } That He should pardon and save e-ven me!

No. 73. I WILL FOLLOW THEE, MY JESUS.

Rev. JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.



1. I will fol-low Thee, my Je sus: Where Thou lead-est, I will go;
2. It may be that Thou wilt take me Thro' a dark and storm-y way;
3. Yes, I'll fol-low, glad-ly fol - low, For I've reck-oned up the cost,



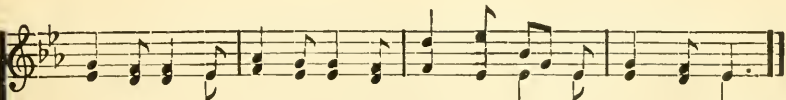
Will not murmur; will not question; Sim-ply fol - low, here be - low.
Loss of friends and death may test me, Je - sus, on - ly, will I say.
And with Je-sus, precious Je - sus, I will count all things, but lost.



CHORUS.



I will fol-low with my Je-sus, I will fol - low an - y - where;

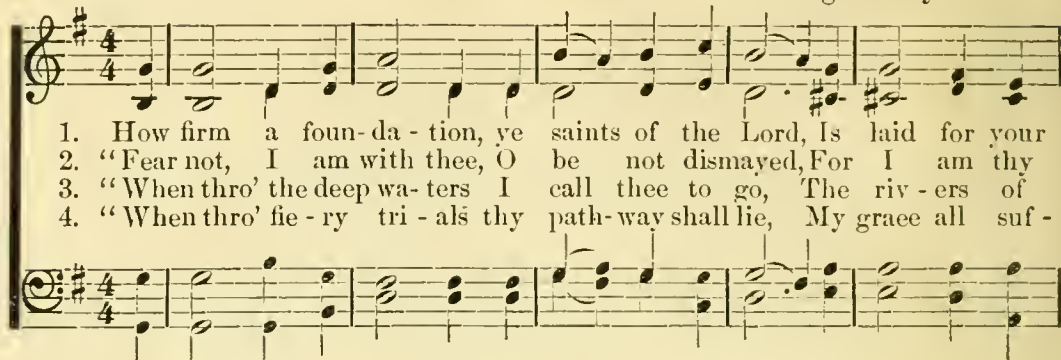


I will fol-low, yes, I'll fol-low With my Je - sus an - y - where.

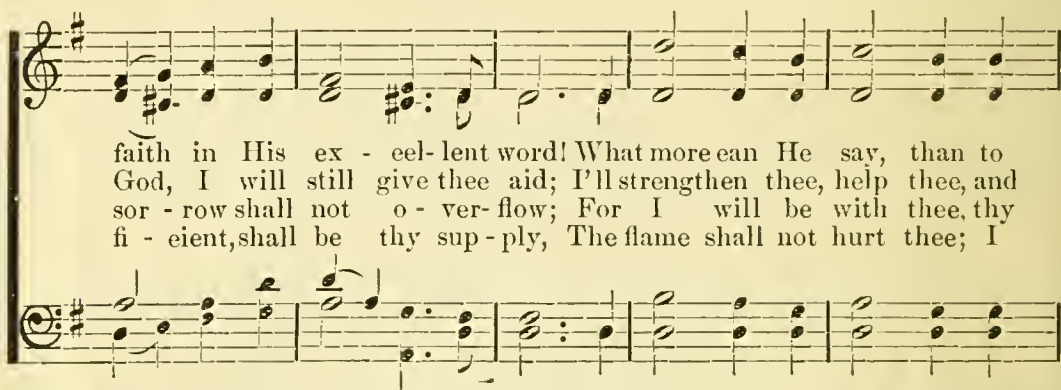


GEORGE KEITH.

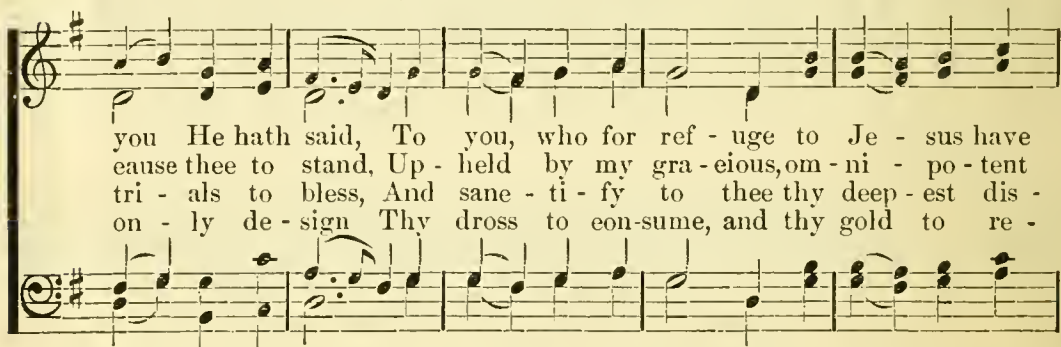
Tune.—“Portuguese Hymn.”



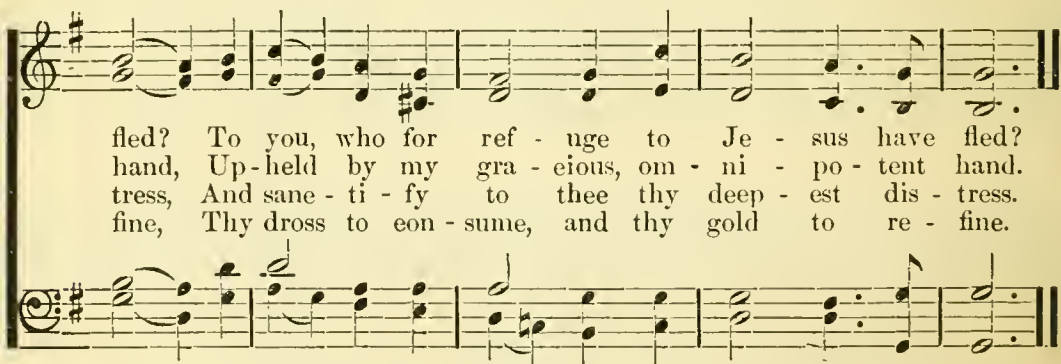
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. “Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
 3. “When thro’ the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. “When thro’ fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-



faith in His ex-el-lent word! What more can He say, than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I’ll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 fi-eient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I



you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-eious, om-ni-po-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sane-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to eon-sume, and thy gold to re-



fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gra-eious, om-ni-po-tent hand.
 tress, And sane-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 fine, Thy dross to eon-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 “E’en down to old age all my people
 shall prove [love;
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
 And when hoary hairs shall their
 temples adorn, [be borne.
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

6 “The soul that on Jesus hath leaned
 for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should en-
 deavor to shake,
 I’ll never, no never, no never forsake!”

Rev. E. ADAMS.

J. M. EVANS.



1. "Land a-head!" Its fruits are waving, O'er the hills of fade-less green;
2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding, See, the bless-ed wave their hands;
3. There, let go the an-chor, rid-ing On this ealm and sil-v'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion, All the storms of life are past;



And the liv-ing wa-ters lav-ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
 Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright immor-tal bands.
 Seaward fast the tide is glid-ing, Shores in sun-light stretch a-way.
 Praise the Rock of our Sal-va-tion, We are safe at home at last!



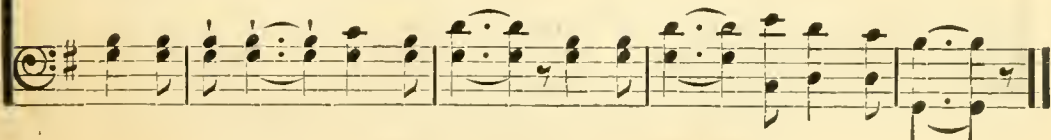
CHORUS.



Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e-ter-nal shore.

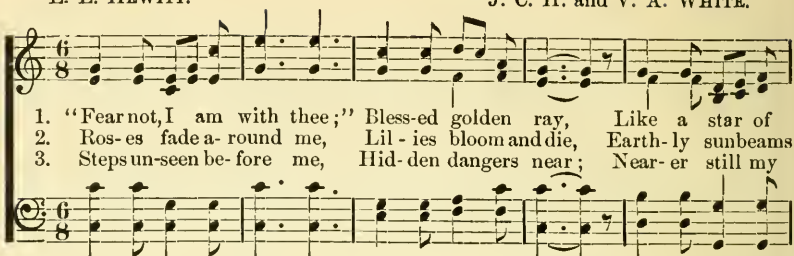


Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the veil!

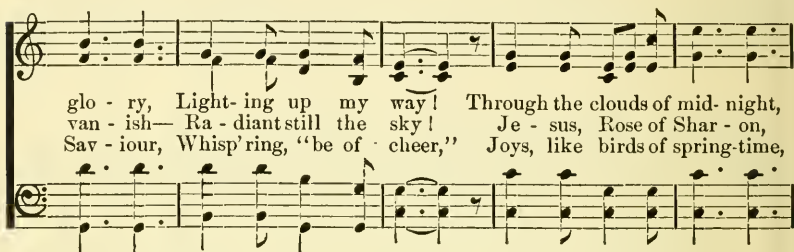


E. E. HEWITT.

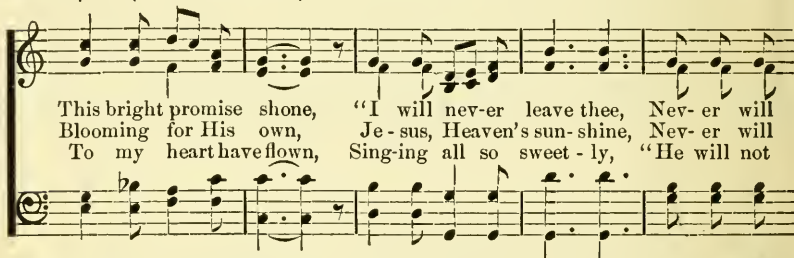
J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.



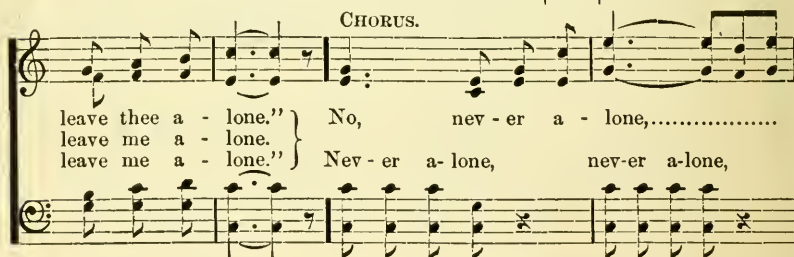
1. "Fear not, I am with thee;" Bless-ed golden ray, Like a star of
 2. Ros-es fade a-round me, Lil-ies bloom and die, Earth-ly sunbeams
 3. Steps un-seen be-fore me, Hid-den dangers near; Near-er still my



glo-ry, Light-ing up my way! Through the clouds of mid- night,
 van- ish— Ra- diant still the sky! Je- sus, Rose of Shar- on,
 Sav- iour, Whisp'ring, "be of cheer," Joys, like birds of spring-time,

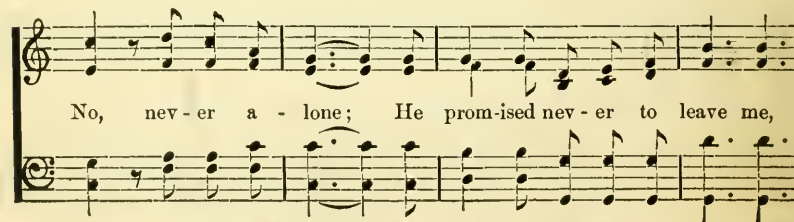


This bright promise shone, "I will nev-er leave thee, Nev-er will
 Blooming for His own, Je- sus, Heaven's sun- shine, Nev-er will
 To my heart have flown, Sing-ing all so sweet- ly, "He will not



CHORUS.

leave thee a - lone." } No, nev-er a - lone,.....
 leave me a - lone. } Nev-er a - lone, nev-er a - lone,
 leave me a - lone." }



No, nev-er a - lone; He prom-ised nev-er to leave me,

NEVER ALONE.—Concluded.

1 2

Nev-er to leave me a - lone. Nev-er to leave me a - lone.

No. 77.

BATTLE HYMN.

English.

Arranged by Mrs. G. K. LITTLE.

1. { Am I a sold-ier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, }
 And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }
 2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, }
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize And sailed through bloody seas? }
 3. { Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? }
 Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God? }
 4. { Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord; }
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. }

CHORUS.

And when the battle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! yes, we shall wear a crown! yes,

we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's o-ver we shall wear a crown!

FINE.

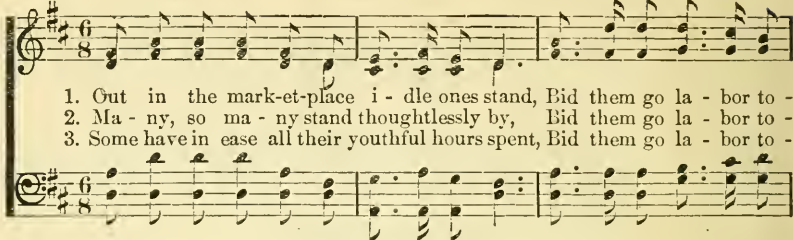
D.S.

In the new Je-ru-sa-lem! Wear a crown! wear a crown!
 Wear a crown! wear a crown!

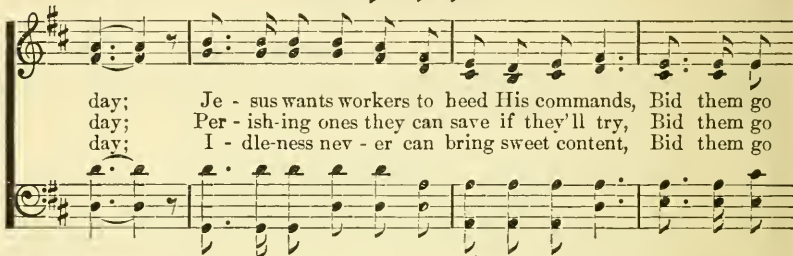
JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

Matt. 20: 3.

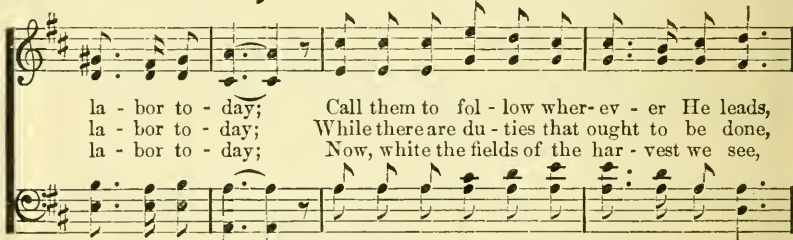
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



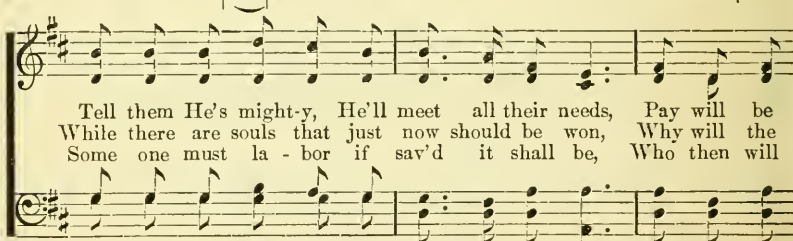
1. Gut in the mark-et-place i - dle ones stand, Bid them go la - bor to -
 2. Ma - ny, so ma - ny stand thoughtlessly by, Bid them go la - bor to -
 3. Some have in ease all their youthful hours spent, Bid them go la - bor to -



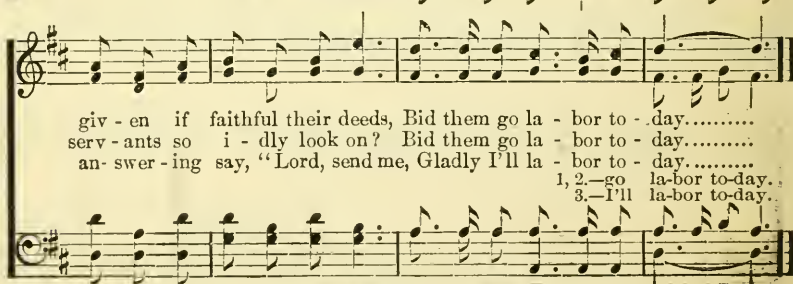
day; Je - sus wants workers to heed His commands, Bid them go
 day; Per - ish-ing ones they can save if they'll try, Bid them go
 day; I - dle-ness nev - er can bring sweet content, Bid them go



la - bor to - day; Call them to fol - low wher - ev - er He leads,
 la - bor to - day; While there are du - ties that ought to be done,
 la - bor to - day; Now, white the fields of the har - vest we see,



Tell them He's might-y, He'll meet all their needs, Pay will be
 While there are souls that just now should be won, Why will the
 Some one must la - bor if sav'd it shall be, Who then will

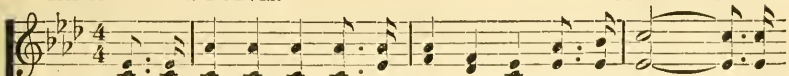


giv - en if faithful their deeds, Bid them go la - bor to - day.....
 serv - ants so i - dly look on? Bid them go la - bor to - day.....
 an - swer - ing say, "Lord, send me, Gladly I'll la - bor to - day.....
 1, 2.—go la-bor to-day.
 3.—I'll la-bor to-day.

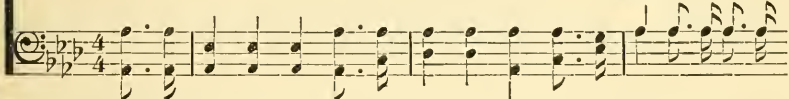
No. 79. WHEN THE SAINTS ARE MARCHING IN.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

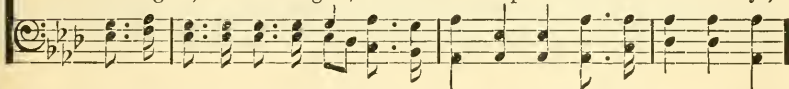
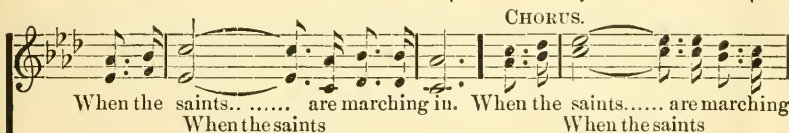
J. M. BLACK.



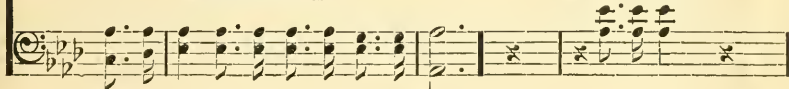
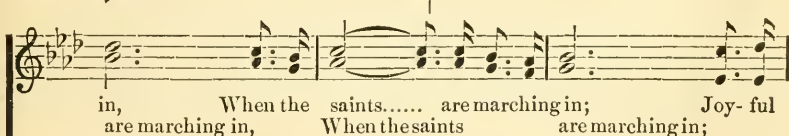
1. Thro' the shin-ing gate, Where the an-gels wait, When the saints..... are
 2. Parted friendsshall meet On the gold-en street, When the saints..... are
 3. Ev - ' ry tongue and race Shall ex-tol God's grace, When the saints..... are
 4. "To the Lamb onceslain, But who lives a-gain," When the saints..... are



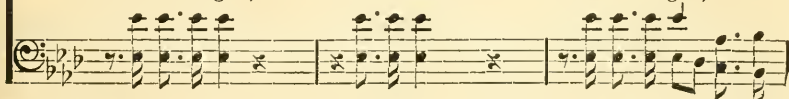
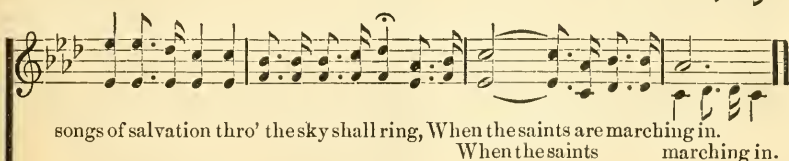

marching in; The redeem'd shall come, And be crown'd at home,
 marching in; Spotless robes shall wear, Victor palms shall bear,
 marching in; And the blood-wash'd throng Shall repeat the song,
 marching in; are marching in; We shall of- fer praise Thro' e- ter- nal days,

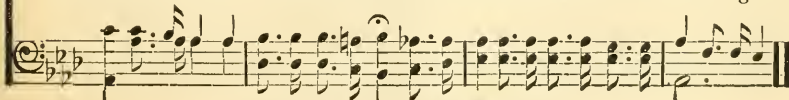
CHORUS.
 When the saints..... are marching in. When the saints..... are marching
 When the saints When the saints

in, When the saints..... are marching in; Joy- ful
 are marching in, When the saints are marching in;

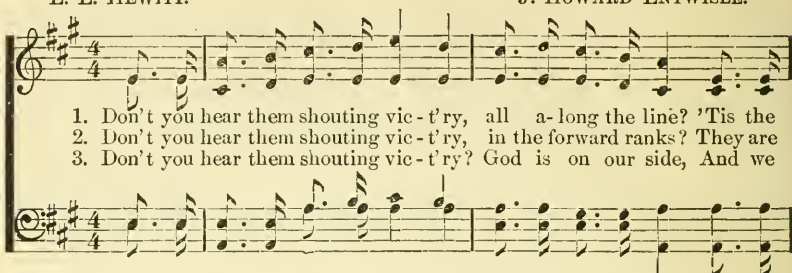
songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints are marching in.
 When the saints marching in.



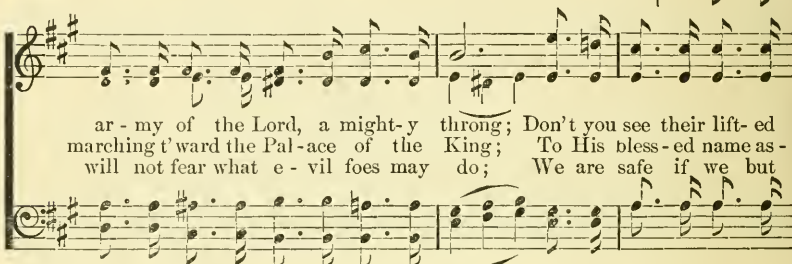
No. 80. DON'T YOU HEAR THEM SHOUTING VICTORY?

E. E. HEWITT.

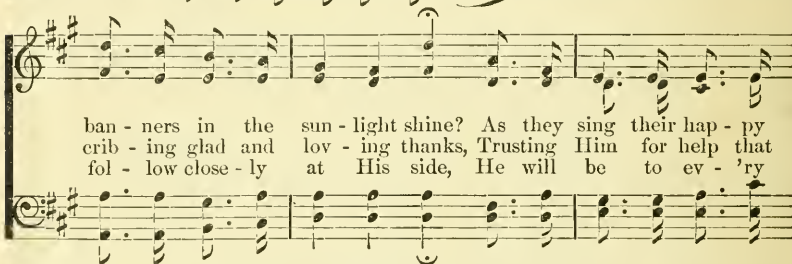
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



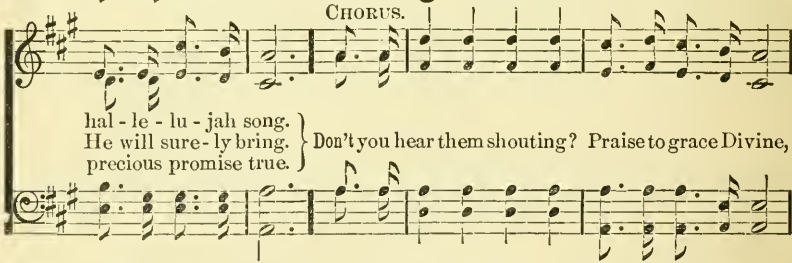
1. Don't you hear them shouting vic - t'ry, all a-long the line? 'Tis the
 2. Don't you hear them shouting vic - t'ry, in the forward ranks? They are
 3. Don't you hear them shouting vic - t'ry? God is on our side, And we



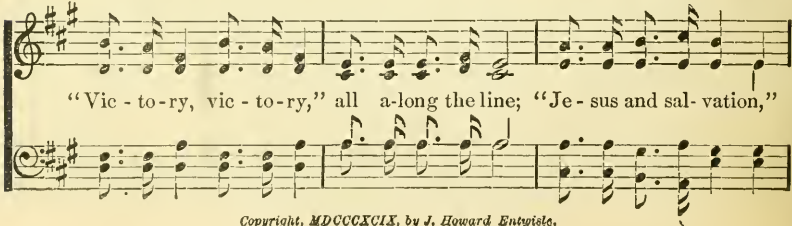
ar - my of the Lord, a might-y throng; Don't you see their lift-ed
 marching t'ward the Pal-ace of the King; To His bless-ed name as -
 will not fear what e - vil foes may do; We are safe if we but



ban - ners in the sun - light shine? As they sing their hap - py
 crib - ing glad and lov - ing thanks, Trusting Him for help that
 fol - low close - ly at His side, He will be to ev - 'ry



CHORUS.
 hal - le - lu - jah song. } Don't you hear them shouting? Praise to grace Divine,
 He will sure-ly bring. } precious promise true.



"Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry," all a-long the line; "Je - sus and sal - vation,"

DON'T YOU HEAR THEM, etc.—Concluded.

that's the countersign ; "Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry," all a-long the line !

No. 81.

I SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

W. A. S.

Rev. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my tri-als are passed,
2. We shall not wait till the glo-rious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,
3. More and more like Him, repeat the blest story, O-ver and o-ver a - gain,

I shall behold Him, O won-derful sto-ry ! I shall be like Him at last.
 Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we His image may bear.
 Changed by His spirit from glory to glo-ry, I shall be sat - is-fied then,

CHORUS.

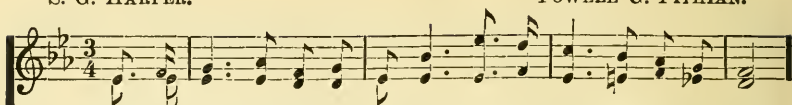
I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, And in His beauty shall shine ;

I shall be like Him, wondrously like Him, Je-sus, my Saviour di-vine.

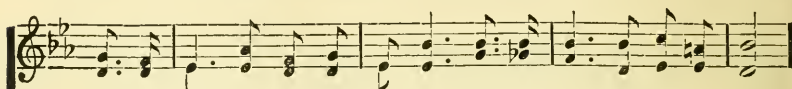
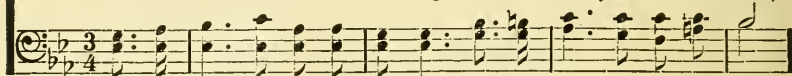
NO. 82. SHALL HE COME AND FIND ME WATCHING?.

S. G. HARPER.

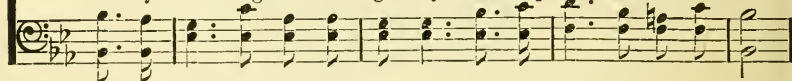
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



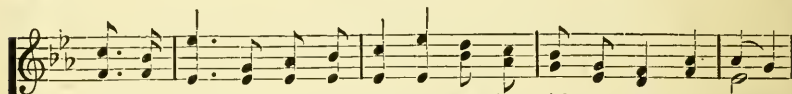
1. Shall He come and find me watching, As the watchers watch for morn,—
2. Shall He come and find me standing From the worldling's joy a - part,
3. Shall He come and find me working In the vine-yard of His Love,



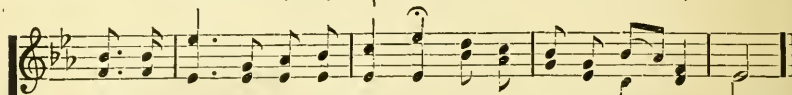
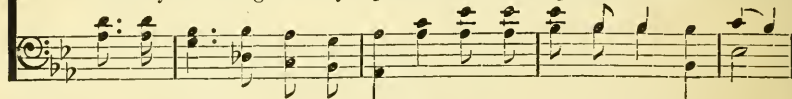
As the hour of mid-night pass-es, And the com-ing day is born?
Free from all its mirth and fol-lies, With a true and loy-al heart?
On-ly work-ing till the glo-ry Breaks up-on me from a-bove?



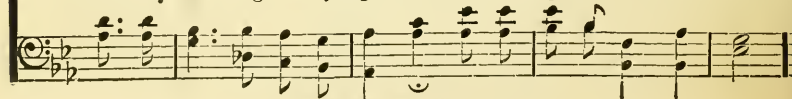
Shall He come and find me wait-ing, With my loins all girt a - bout,
Shall He come and find me faith-ful To His part-ing word to me,
Je - sus, let me thus be wait-ing, Full of hope and love and zeal;



Staff in hand, the word to welcome, Waiting with-out fear or doubt?
If I go a place pre-par-ing, I will quick-ly come to Thee?
Let Thy com-ing to my spir-it Be a hope di-vine and real.



Staff in hand, the word to wel-come, Waiting with-out fear or doubt?
If I go a place pre-par-ing, I will quick-ly come to Thee?
Let Thy com-ing to my spir-it Be a hope di-vine and real.



No. 83.

HALLELUJAH! GRACE IS FREE!

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

Tune.—“Maryland! My Maryland.”

1. I hear a song of ju - bi-lee, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 2. It rings a - bove the bat - tle strife; Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 3. It brings good news to sin - ners lost, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!

Its notes resound o'er land and sea, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 Its peal a-wakes the dead to life, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 The price is paid! O wondrous cost! Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!

Its sound is heard in ev - 'ry land, It rings a-long the ocean's strand,
 It shouts its note tri - um - phant - ly, Pro - claiming par - don full and free,
 Je - sus has come to make us free, Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry

The cho - rus of a might - y band, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 As - sur - ing souls of vic - to - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!
 His life He gave for you and me, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free!

4 It brings a message full of love,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 A message from the throne above,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 The Spirit now invites you, “come!”
 The Saviour calls, “no longer roam!”
 The Father pleads, “my child come
 Hallelujah! grace is free! [home!”

5 The conflict o'er, at God's right hand,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 Redeemed from every race and land,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!
 We shall behold Him face to face,
 And sing the wonders of His grace
 Who died to save our sinful race,
 Hallelujah! grace is free!

No. 84.

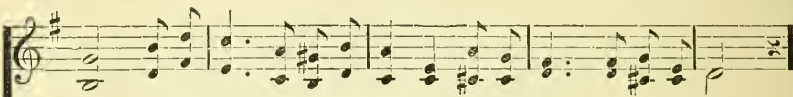
KEEP THY HEART.

ROBERT DREW ATHERLY.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. Keep thy heart with earn-est ef-fort, To thy God thine ear in -
2. Keep thy heart—thou shalt not stum-ble In the path of truth and
3. Keep thy heart,—dare not to en-ter In the broad but downward
4. Keep thy heart—thy Fa-ther seeth All that is to men un -



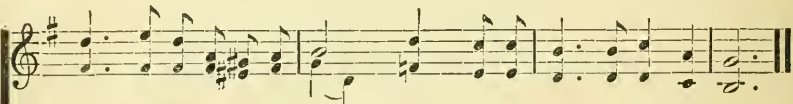
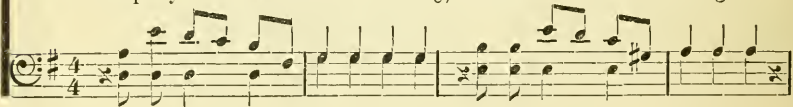
cline; Put a-way all fool-ish longings, Waiting for His will di-vine.
 light If with firm and earnest purpose Thou shalt keep thy heart aright.
 way, Thine the nar-row path that shineth Brighter to the perfect day.
 known; Sure-ly in the day of sen-tence He shall claim thee for His own.



CHORUS.



Keep thy heart—with fervent watch-ing; Cleanse its courts with loving care—
 Keep thy heart—with fervent watch-ing; Cleanse its courts with loving care—



Face to face, in sweet commun-ion, Thou shalt meet thy Saviour there.
 Face to face, in sweet communion



No. 85.

ROCK OF AGES.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY. (TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.) Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak-ed, come to Thee for dress, Help-less look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the fount-ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

No. 86.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head,
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

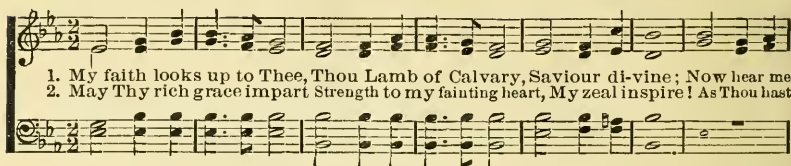
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
 Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 87. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

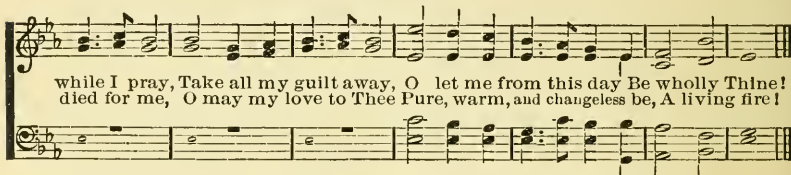
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast



while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

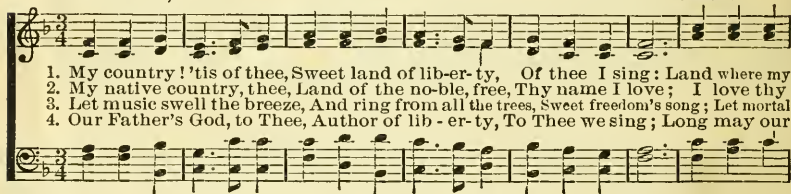
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

No. 88. MY COUNTRY! 'TIS OF THEE.

S. F. SMITH, D.D.

(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)

HENRY CAREY.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our Father's God, to Thee, Author of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



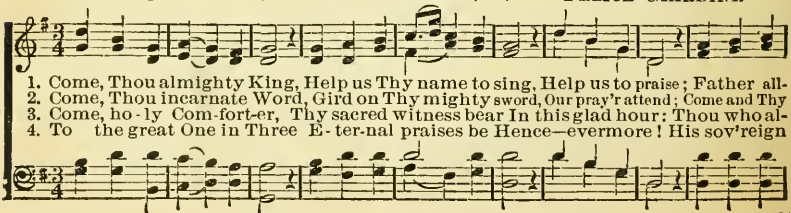
fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above,
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 89. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come and Thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three E-ter-nal praises be Hence-evermore! His sov'reign

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.—Concluded.

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days.
 people bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of ho - liness, On us de - scend!
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 90.

HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

FINE. D.S.

day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away. { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 { And live rejoicing ev - 'ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

No. 91.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men. Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

(Key of G.)

I AM coming to the Cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy Cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within.
Jesus sweetly speaks to me—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."—CHO.

Here I give my all to Thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, Thine to be—
Wholly Thine for evermore.—CHO.

93 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

(Key of D.)

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,

And bids me at my Father's Throne
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petitions bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

94 WHAT A FRIEND!

(Key of F.)

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour! still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

(Key of D.)

HE leadeth me, oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, or troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.—REF.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—REF.

(Key of F.)

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

(Key of C.)

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

(Key of G.)

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

99 THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

(Key of E flat.)

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer;
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus, blessed Jesus!

Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.—CHO.

All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.—CHO.

100 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

(Key of E flat.)

I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

For nothing good have I
Whereby His grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.

When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

101 I GAVE MY LIFE.

(Key of C.)

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

My Father's house of light—
My glory-circled throne—
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
What hast thou left aught for me?

And I have brought to thee
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

102 FULL CONSECRATION.

(Key of D.)

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

CHORUS.

Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood,
Cleanse me in its purifying flood;
Lord, I give to Thee my life and all, to be
Thine, henceforth, eternally.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.—CHO.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!—CHO.

103 ONLY TRUST HIM.

(Key of G.)

COME, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHORUS.

Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.—CHO.

Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.—CHO.

104 AT THE CROSS.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

At the Cross, at the Cross, where I first saw
the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.—CHO.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.—CHO.

105 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

(Key of G.)

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Tho' like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking tho'ts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

106 CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

(Key of G.)

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all,

107 STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

(Key of B flat.)

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

108 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

(Key of F.)

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the days grow brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fades,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

109 MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

(Key of C.)

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw Thee from the skies.

O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

110 MORE LOVE TO THEE.

(Key of G.)

MORE love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the pray'r I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my pray'r shall be,
Move love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Let sorrow do its work,
Come grief or pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise,
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

111 TURN TO THE LORD.

(Key of G.)

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r.

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
Sound the praise of His dear name,
Glory, honor and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign.

Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance.
Every grace that brings you nigh.—CHO.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him.—CHO.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.—CHO.

112 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

(Key of E.)

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go!

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of peace;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.—CHO.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in Charity.—CHO.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—CHO.

Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This thro' countless ages
Men and angels sing.—CHO.

113 JESUS SHALL REIGN.

(Key of E flat.)

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

114 ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE.

(Key of B flat.)

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

The Father hears Him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

115 A CHARGE TO KEEP.

(Key of C.)

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

116 THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

(Key of C.)

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

117 BLEST BE THE TIE.

(Key of F.)

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

118 AT THE FOUNTAIN.

(Key of E flat.)

OF Him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.

CHORUS.

Glorry to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glorry to God,
I'm on my journey home.

Ask but His grace and lo! 'Tis giv'n,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and He turns your hell to heav'n,
I'm on my journey home.—CHO.

Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole,
I'm on my journey home.—CHO.

Let all the world fall down and know
I'm at the fountain drinking,
That none but God such love can show,
I'm on my journey home.—CHO.

Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.—CHO.

Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.—CHO.

No. 119.

I WANT TO GO.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign,
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dress'd in liv-ing green;
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood And view the land-scape o'er,



CHG.—I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too,

D. C. for Chorus.



In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
 Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.
 So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.
 Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.



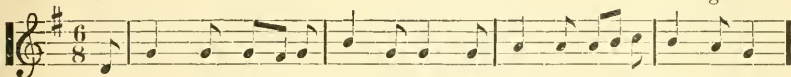
I want to go where Je-sus is, I want to go there too.

No. 120.

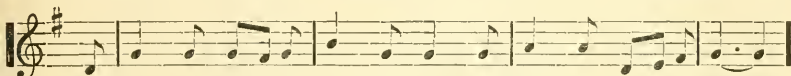
THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

CHORUS.

Arranged.



1. The blood of Christ now cleanses me, Now cleanses me, now cleanses me,



The blood of Christ, now cleans-es me As soon as I be-lieve;



As soon as I be-lieve,..... As soon as I be-lieve:



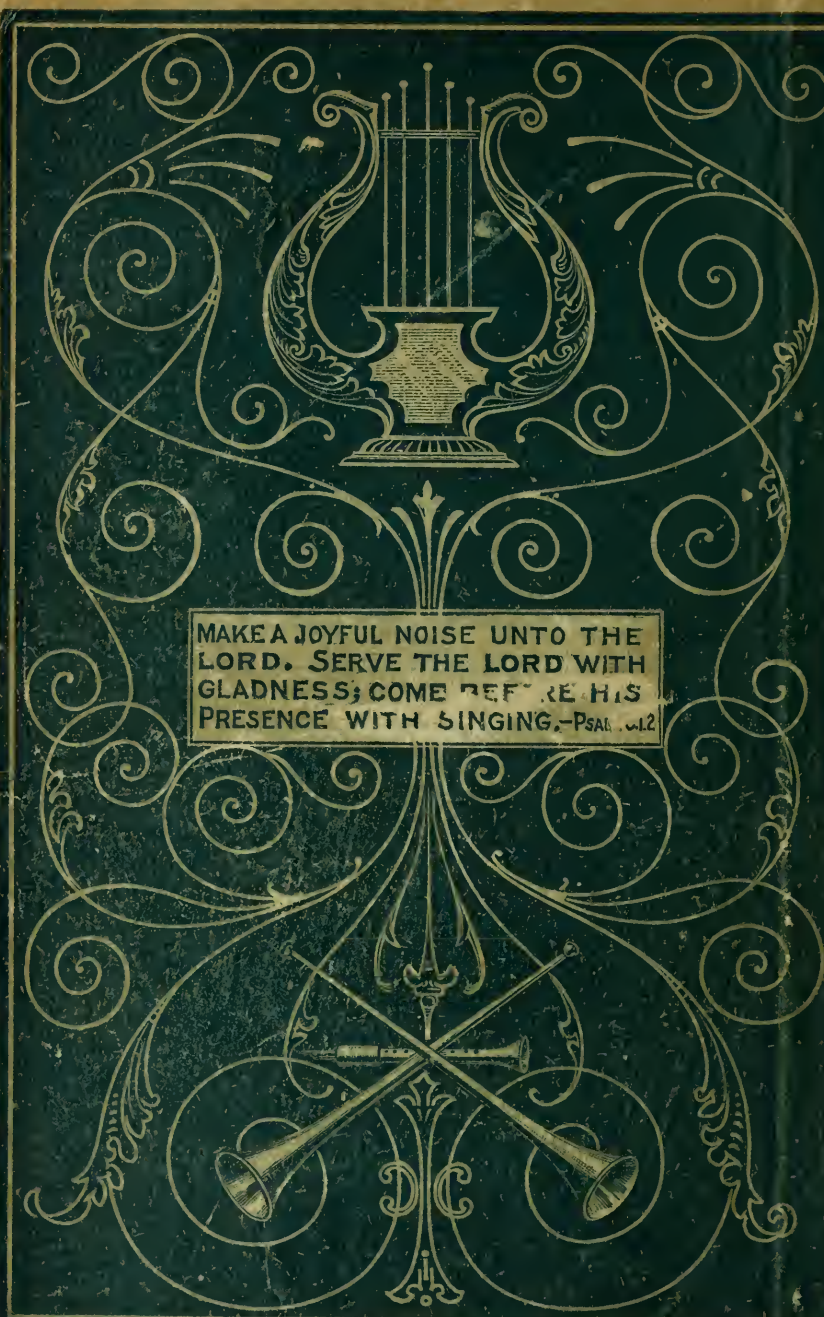
The blood of Christ, now cleans-es me As soon as I be-lieve.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 See all your sins on Jesus laid,
They're washed as white as snow | 5 O come, poor sinner, believe the truth
That Jesus died for you. |
| 3 No Jewish type could cleanse me so,
'Tis Jesus' blood alone. | 6 O death to me has lost its sting,
I've Jesus in my heart. |
| 4 I stagger not through unbelief,
For God hath spoke the word. | 7 Soon, soon I'll soar to realms above,
And reign with Jesus there. |

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MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE
LORD. SERVE THE LORD WITH
GLADNESS; COME BEFORE HIS
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